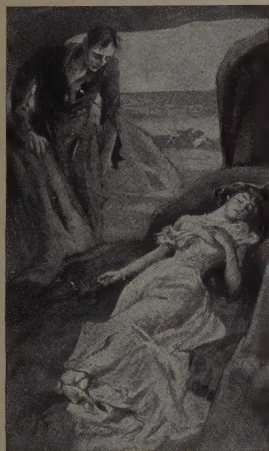


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covetous lustful eyes on his involuntary companion. He insists on ties the very suggestion of which overwhelm her with horror. Will he drag this delicate, highly nurtured girl down to his own animal level, or will she by sheer force of character, by her fine mentality, and spiritual power be able to tame the beast and lift the sailor up to her own level?"

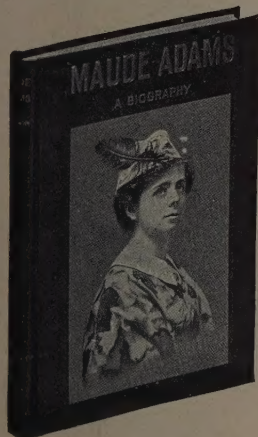
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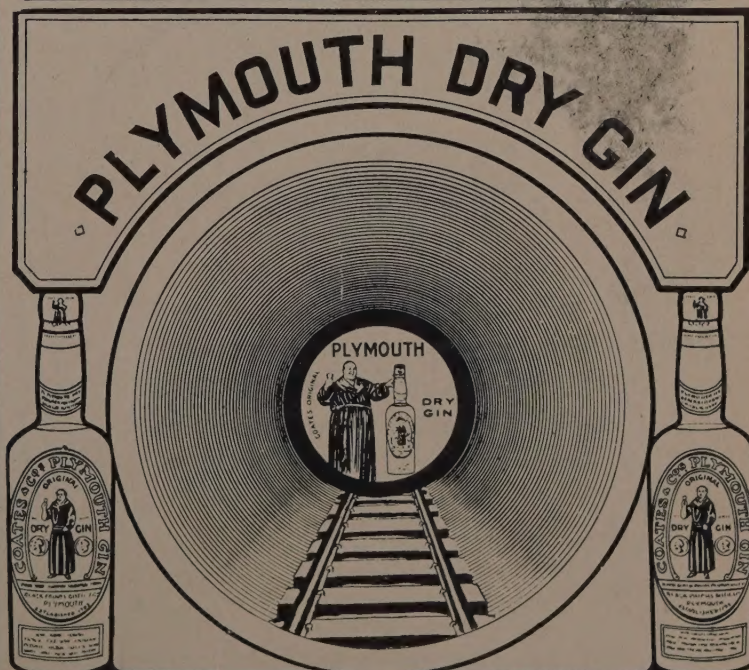
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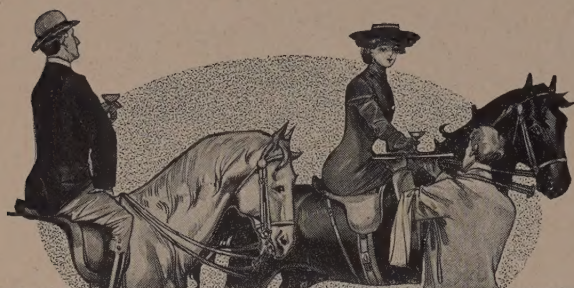
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THE THEATRE

VOL. IX

JUNE, 1909

No. 100

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y.; 26 West 33d Street, New York City



Hall

J. E. DODSON AS SIR JOHN COTSWOLD IN "THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR"



PLAYS OF THE MONTH



KNICKERBOCKER. "THE CANDY SHOP."

Musical play in 2 acts by George V. Hobart.
Lyrics and music by John L. Golden. Produced April 27 with this cast:

John Sweet	Charles Angelo
Jack Sweet	Leslie Gaze
Hilda Noble	Maud Fulton
Saul Wright	Frank Lalor
Sally Ann	Bliss Milford
Gilbert Grand	William Rock
Mrs. Gregory	Louise Dresser
Miss Bashfield	Florence Morrison
Mrs. Montrose Quilligan	Annie Yeamans
Ned Johnson	Malcolm Williams
Rufus	Kinzie Higgins
Genevieve	Eva Francis
Mr. Squills	Edmund Lawrence
Miss Glick	Ida Adams
Miss Meddle	Esther Brunette
Sue	Angie Weimers
Settle	Lillian Rice

It is an easy method of evading theatrical responsibility which managers effect in describing the musical productions now making in this vernal season as "summer entertainments." Consistency and logic are vigorously eliminated, and in their stead, fun, fancy and unrestrained vaudeville run riot amid scenes of picturesque and glittering splendor. This is the type of offering, "The Candy Shop," with which Manager Charles Bancroft Dillingham hopes to fill the Knickerbocker Theatre during the summer solstice. From its reception at the present time of writing it would seem as if his desires and expectations would be realized. Mr. George V. Hobart is responsible for the book. Its preparation certainly could not have overtaxed his gray matter nor could many ohms of midnight electricity have been spent in working out the subtleties of its ingenuous plot. The dependent son of a wealthy candy shop owner falls in love with one of his father's employees. Banished by parental opposition, they fly to Coney Island, where one as a vaudeville performer and the other as a waiter, they try to eke out enough to get married on. The girl is subsequently discovered to be an heiress; the outcome, wedding bells. Not overmuch to work upon, but the scene painter supplies a charmingly pretty interior of a sweet shop and a graphic realization of a section of Coney Island with its shooting the chutes, helter skelters, Ferris wheels, etc., and with these

as backgrounds there is advanced a liberal quota of handsome show girls in numerous pretty changes of costumes—once or twice the color unities shriek—plenty of assorted dances and some incidental divertissements in the way of personal contributions of two-a-day specialties. Mr. John Lionel Golden is the composer of the score. Mr. Golden has a pleasing melodic invention which seldom fails to titillate the popular ear. It is graceful writing, too, which he sets down, and the various numbers possess charm, humor and dash. The greater part of the action of the piece is handed over to Rock and Fulton. That they are admirable dancers was long since established, that they are laughter provoking comedians may be disputed. The value of their own efforts would be enhanced if curtailed and the injection of a good live comedian or comedienne would enliven and tide over a few spots at present somewhat bald and dry. Good old Mrs. Annie Yeamans is delightfully droll in an altogether too limited part, and Frank Lalor's dry, quaint methods make the rôle of Saul Wright, a tailor, genuinely amusing. Their scene together, in which they overindulge in "booze drops," is real art. Louise Dresser sings neatly as a consolable widow and Malcolm Williams works hard in a part that is not funny. Leslie Gaze seems well satisfied with himself as Jack Sweet and Miss Bliss Milford is effective in a character part. Miss Florence Morrison is a massive and comic candy shop "forelady."

LYRIC. "THE GREAT JOHN GANTON." Dramatization in four acts of Arthur J. Eddy's story by J. Hartley Manners. Produced May 3. Cast:

Will Ganton	A. H. Van Buren	Clerk	Jack Barnes
Allan Borlan	Jack Webster	Norberg	Jack Leslie
Laurence Delaney	Edward Emery	May Keating	Laurette Taylor
Browning	Frederick Burton	Mrs. Jack Wilton	Jane Peyton
John Wilton	Lucius Henderson	Miss Hestor Ganton	Josephine Brown
Dr. Morton	W. H. Sadler	Mrs. Thelway	Mora Rank



Browning (Frederick Burton) John Ganton (George Fawcett) Stenographer (Malvina Longfellow)
Act I. John Ganton, in his office, dictating to his stenographer, calls the attention of his secretary, Browning, to the fact that his son, Will Ganton, is late in coming to the office
SCENE IN "THE GREAT JOHN GANTON" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Dr. Shields H. Frederick Millerton
 Sec. of the Golf Club R. H. Breece
 Rev. Charles Clavering Charles Gay
 Mrs. King Esther Lyons
 Stenographer Malvina Longfellow
 Nurse Catherine Hearn
 George Fawcett John Ganton

"The Great John Ganton" is a bit of plain, every-day life—as we may suppose life to be lived in Chicago—denatured through the double process of novelization and dramatization, and staged in a competent business-like way. It is something like Wordsworth's

"... creature not too wise or good
 For human nature's daily food."

It does not leave a noticeably bad taste in one's mouth, nor any particular impression on the mind. Neither the intellect nor the emotions of a bourgeois audience are severely taxed. Nobody in the piece is radiantly good or diabolically bad; and the one sympathetic character, Lawrence Delaney, overcome by the unwonted exertion of being decent, with the Quixotic idea of saving a married woman's reputation long after she had none left, quietly slips out in the third act and commits suicide.

Ganton is an unmistakable Chicago pork-packer—one of those vulgar, greasy, ungrammatical, "get-rich-anyhow" and "business-is-business" characters that infest our latter-day native drama. He is not nearly so formidable as he was two or three years ago, before familiarity had bred contempt. Now, as soon as we clap eyes on him, sitting shirt-sleeved in his Union Stockyards office, chewing a rank cigar and talking hog-sense aphorisms spiced with crude profanity, we know that he will wind up as a drooling philanthropist. It is a safe wager that he has a college-athlete son who is the apple of his eye, that this son will riot with the old man's money whilst preaching reform, and insist upon marrying the pert daughter of dad's bygone business foe. That is just what happens, and it is about all that does happen. The cold, logical facts that young Ganton's heroic stand against his father is financed by the latter, and that old Ganton's sudden weakening of the iron will is brought about mainly by his dread of a surgical operation, do not for a moment retard the machinery of the play from grinding out the regulation moral and happy ending.

George Fawcett turns himself on full force and makes Ganton so lifelike that he is almost unbearable. Edward Emery as Delaney, the lost black sheep, strikes us as deserving a better fate. Laurette Taylor, who as young Ganton's fiancée takes good care of the love-interest in the play, is plausibly pretty—which makes the word "hell" sound all the more shocking from her gentle lips.

SAVOY. "THE WRITING ON THE WALL." Drama in four acts by William J. Hurlbut. Produced April 26 with this cast:

Irving Lawrence.....	William Morris	Lincoln Schuyler.....	Robert T. Haines
Barbara Lawrence.....	Olga Nethersole	John Trainor.....	Frank Craven
Harry.....	J. R. Wallace	Stella.....	Beverly Sitgreaves
Muriel Lawrence.....	Florence Huntington	Peters.....	John Bickford
Gordon Payne.....	Ben Johnson	Christine.....	Constance Raymond

Every human effort that lacks sincerity is discredited and disqualified. Without sincerity no writer can present any truth effectively or even have inspiration for his work. A writer may possess this quality and yet undertake something about which he does not care or about which he has incomplete information, and he fails. "The Writing on the Wall," both in the play itself and in the acting of it, is saturated with the insincerity of com-



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BEERBOHM TREE AND MARIE LOHR IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

Mr. Tree's sumptuous revival of Sheridan's comedy at His Majesty's Theatre has been marked by the advent of a new Lady Teazle. Regarding her, a London critic says: "Miss Mary Löhr, who is not yet nineteen, is the best Lady Teazle I have seen. I have seen actresses whose technical skill Miss Löhr must spend a long time in acquiring. But I have seen none so like Lady Teazle. She was a girl quite fresh from the country, adaptable, clever, acquiring a fine lady touch with success, full of life, and curious about life, with still a dash of rusticity and naiveté. Miss Löhr gave us all that because she is a girl with an instinct for acting and a natural charm; she could give it mainly because she is a girl. Other actresses have given us a finished coquette, amusing to see, but not the part. I doubt if Mrs. Abingdon, with all her accomplishments and Sheridan's explanations, being forty when she created the part, was so like it as Miss Löhr."

mercialism. We are led to believe, through the agent of publicity for the play and from passages in the play, that a well-known religious organization is being exposed and attacked. If the imagined facts of the play were specific facts of record or public knowledge, there would be a basis for a play of this kind, but even so the action of the play is not worked out on the lines of any well-ordered attack. In other words, the play is technically insincere. The plot of the play is simple enough, but it does not afford incidents enough for an action which, in performance, is to fill out an entire evening. In consequence of this, irrelevant combinations are borrowed and situations which have nothing whatever to do with the main action are evolved. Thus, there is no sincerity in the unity of the play; and unity is almost a synonym of sincerity. There can be no concentration of feeling or force without it.



Sarony, N. Y.

MALVINA LONGFELLOW

Plays the rôle of the stenographer in "The Great John Ganton" at the Lyric Theatre

A wife is interested in works of charity and has begun an investigation of conditions in tenement houses in New York City. Her husband is a man of wealth, engrossed in business and pitiless in the gain of money. He owns many tenement houses. His wife has knowledge of the insecure condition of the fire escapes of one of these houses and begs her husband to make them secure. He appears to yield to her, but he covers up their rottenness by directing that they be painted over. The wife arranges for a Christmas party for the children in this particular house, and it so happens that the nurse takes the boy to the party. The house is burned, the fire escapes break under the weight of the escaping inmates, many lives are lost, the boy perishing in this frightful calamity. Miss Nethersole, as the

wife and mother, has hysterics; the husband sees the evil of his ways; promises his wife to reform his methods, and we are asked to believe that she now feels that the murderer of her son will thereafter be an ideal husband.

We believe that audiences will not agree with her. Perhaps the world has always believed and known (or it is fast coming to believe and know) that sordidness in the matter of money is an incurable vice. This prospective ideal husband, unfortunately, has another vice, which, in married men, is almost as incurable as the other. It is also as unforgivable. He has been unfaithful to his wife and has been spending much of his tainted money on the object of his infatuation. In directing his secretary to send a gift of jewelry to this woman, he is presently confronted with exposure. By a clumsy theatrical device a present intended for his wife is wrapped in the parcel intended for this woman, the parcel intended for her reaching his wife.

You can see the situation. Situation it is and that is all it is. It is a situation that has no right to be in the play at all. We are not ungracious enough to assume that it is from some other play; but we do say that in thinking up his material this dramatist, by all the reasonableness in drama, should have used the situation as a part of some complete action in itself, different from the action concerning the theme of this play. It has nothing to do with the same plot. It is an intrusion of disunity. A third play could have been written if the author had followed up another situation in the present incomplete action, which belongs to some other complete action. In her work among the tenement house people the wife has had as a co-laborer a settlement worker or preacher. He falls in love with her, and we have a scene in which he declares his love. She confesses to him that she loves him. Of what use is all this to the action? What difference does it make that they love each other? The situation is a momentary dramatic soap bubble. From the point of view of Fate, it was his good fortune to perish in the tenement house fire, a circumstance which prevented him from figuring in the action later.

Miss Nethersole is fond of opportunities for agony in her acting, and she played with joy on every heart string of this harp of woe. We will not deny that it is an occasion of lamentation for a woman when she discovers the perfidy of her husband and at the same time learns that her curly-headed little boy (to whom, in her affection, she had presented the largest Teddy bear procurable) has perished in a fiery furnace. If

grief in those circumstances can be simulated, we may safely say that Miss Nethersole gave us abundant symptoms of it.

DALY'S. "THE GAY LIFE." Play in three acts by Roy L. McCardell. Produced April 19 with this cast:

Mrs. Lorrimer.....Marie Haynes
Reddy Jones.....Byron Marsh
Pop Wilson.....R. J. Moy
Bill Clarke.....Wm. Wadsworth
Lulu Lorrimer.....Consuelo Bailey
William Thornton, Jr.....Schuyler Ladd
Louis Zinsheimer.....Betram Marburgh
Abie Wogglebaum.....John Klovile
Mama De Branscombe Katherine De Barry
Amy.....Helen Hancock
Puss Montgomery.....Violette Kimball
Doney McKnight.....Thomas Thorne
William Thornton, Sr.....Frank Currier
Mr. Maginnis.....Charles Kennedy
George Russler.....A. S. Byron

Grant Leechchild.....Robert Craig
Judge Hall.....R. J. Moy
Hooks.....William Wadsworth
Headstrong.....Carl Hemman
Mickey Finn.....Mickey Finn
Smeltzer.....Richard Clarke
Oliver Hartford.....Lester Allen
Richard Le Gallon.....V. R. Townsend
James Elford.....James L. Campbell
Archie Bunn.....Frank Deroine
Joe.....William Robertson
Miss Mann.....Lillian Dix
Miss Golden.....Mabel Stoughton
Miss Pink.....Sallie McRee
Miss Chatterton.....Marie Haynes
Jostie Williams

Bohemian life in New York City can be described or put into story with better results than by being staged. Possibly, with a more cohesive and definite plot "The Gay Life" might have fared better. Undoubtedly, Mr. Roy McCardell, in his sketches and observations in the *Evening World*, has possessed himself, as his own property, of certain types in the bohemian world of the stage. That day after day he can present these people in new aspects and new circumstances is proof at once both of astounding facility in invention and of familiarity with the life which he depicts. Mama de Branscombe, her daughters and friends, and Dopey McKnight bear convincing internal evidence of their truth to their own particular life, with which only a small part of the public comes in contact. That life is a highly specialized combination of all kinds of idleness, hustling, financial vicissitudes, exaltation and depression of spirit, and unconventionality. These people are too superficial, however, to excite in an audience more than a superficial interest. Their emotions are not deep enough to touch us, and their views of life do not commend them to us. To be made interesting enough to hold the attention of an audience for an evening, a plot of more consistency and of more meaning would have to be devised than was found in the play itself. No doubt the bohemian life has its infatuations which lead many people not properly belonging to it to adopt it as something ideal in its freedom. Many venture into it merely out of curiosity and soon withdraw from it. Many more have a curiosity about it which a play of this kind might serve, in a measure, to gratify. In the last act of the play there was a scene in a table d'hôte restaurant in New York City frequented by bohemians of all descriptions, some of them people of distinction, better known to the public at large as writers and artists than as bohemians. Ten or fifteen characters figure in this scene, who were made up to resemble the real characters, and to that part of the audience familiar with their personal appearance they afforded a mild entertainment for the moment. The performance contained enough capital character acting to have sustained the play if the plot had not been too discursive and consequently inadequate. The characters left the impression of reality, but the play was wholly unreal and too sketchy to endure.

GARRICK. "THE MAN FROM MEXICO." Farce in three acts by H. A. Du Suchet. Revived May 10 with this cast:

Benjamin Fitzhugh.....	William Collier
Col. Roderick Majors.....	J. G. Saville
Willie Loveall.....	Reginald Mason
Von Bulen Bismarck Schmidt.....	Dan Mason
Edward Farrar.....	Rex MacDougall
Richard Dauntton.....	James Fallen
Timothy Cook.....	M. L. Hackert
Officer Gogan.....	Thomas Beauregard
Louis.....	Thomas Martin
	Tompkins.....
	Clementina Fitzhugh.....
	Helena C. Garrick
	Sallie Gracie.....
	Gladys Claire
	Nettie Majors.....
	Desmond Kelly
	Miranda.....
	Paula Mar

The life of a modern farce is usually short, so that the freshness and vitality of "The Man from Mexico," after having been in almost constant use for twelve years or more, is noteworthy. It is true that Mr. William Collier, who revives it, is a very live man and has brought to it many new conceits and bits of telling business. He certainly has not made it any more substantial, but rather has diluted it with his rose-colored funmaking. Whatever he does is an achievement in that direction. Coherency is not for him, but every trifle with him is spontaneous and mirth-provoking. He cares for the moment only and wins on points.



Sarony, N. Y.

ELIZABETH MURRAY

Talented young actress now playing a stock engagement in Indianapolis

In a play of any consequence, if permitted to have his own way (and the chances are that he would have his own way), he would be a bull in a china shop. He is one of the portents in one of the tendencies of the day whereby the stage manager and the actor take the upper hand over the author. They often make a new author. They sometimes ruin him. The danger from these people is that their minds are constituted like that of the punster, who will interrupt the most serious or sensible and important discussion by playing on words and making light of the real matter at issue. He is looking for laughter, nothing else. In this way the actor seizes upon every adjacent or approximate idea and juggles with anything and everything he can lay his

(Continued on page xii)

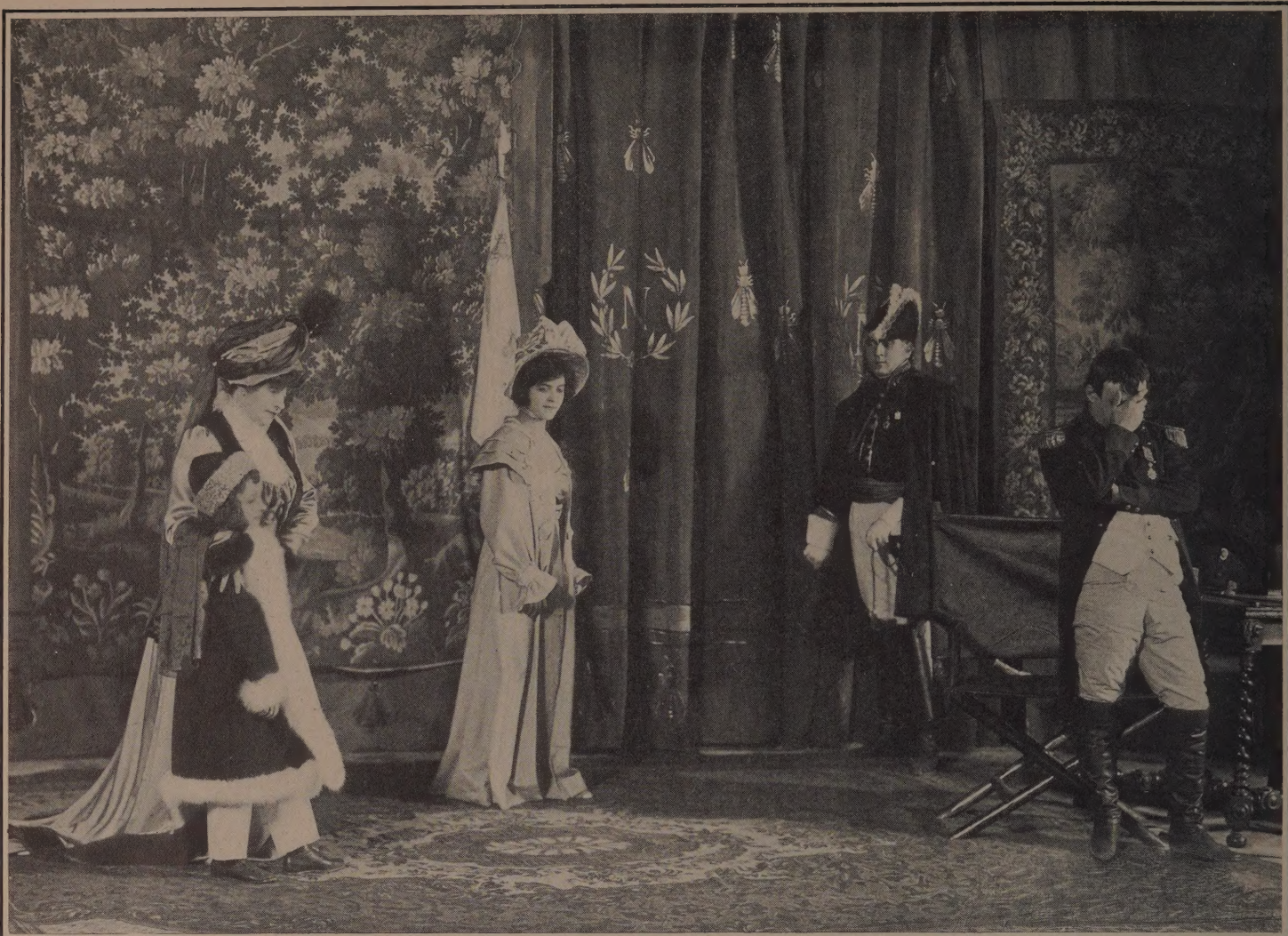


Photo Bert

Comtesse Valevska (Mme. Rejane)

Napoleon (M. De Max)

The Emperor Napoleon, forced to do violence to his own feelings, insists on the departure of Comtesse Valevska and his son from the Island of Elba, so as not to harm the prestige of the Empress Marie-Louise and the King of Rome

SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT OF CATULLE MENDES' LAST DRAMA "L'IMPÉRATRICE"—RECENTLY PRODUCED IN PARIS

Catulle Mendes' Last Drama "L'Impératrice"

"L'IMPÉRATRICE," which is the last work of the late Catulle Mendes, is not that poet's crowning effort, and in spite of the grandeur of his subject, combined with the art of Madame Réjane and M. De Max, the piece is pitifully unconvincing.

In the first act is seen the public departure of the Comtesse Valevska with her young son. She is going to comfort in his exile the great Napoleon, the father of her boy, and the man she sincerely loves. Napoleon, advised by a false letter that the Empress Marie-Louise and the King of Rome are on their way to the Island of Elba, is cruelly disappointed when instead of his royal wife and child he recognizes the young Polish Countess. She pleads to remain with him, as the humble companion of his loneliness, but the emperor, surrounded by treason, doubts the sincerity of her love. He is led to believe that she is ambitious of a marriage, because according to the Catholic Church, the Empress Marie-Louise is not his wife, and the death of Josephine has made him a widower. Suspecting the Countess of working for the ultimate independence of Poland, he refuses her tender devotion, and is left alone in his fierce, unreasonable pride.

Notwithstanding the richness of events and situation and atmosphere that are comprised in it, the piece is incoherent and wanting. Napoleon is shown in a disparaging light; he is not even a fallen star, but merely an egotistical little man, whose love of empty grandeur smacks of the parvenu, which Napoleon was not by nature but only from circumstance.

M. De Max, whom American theatre-goers will remember as leading man for Madame Bernhardt, did the best he could with

the gaudy theatrical speeches forced upon him, and Madame Réjane grew young for the part of the blond Marie-Ange Valevska.

"Connais-toi" cannot be said to be Paul Hervieu's most brilliant effort. After one has admired the nicety of the title, there is little left to inspire further enthusiasm. There are two unfaithful wives; one loves her husband and repents, the other doesn't, but remains with him out of pity. A rigid, arbitrary old general rules with a hand of iron his family and associates. A friend deceived by his wife goes to him for counsel. "Cast her off," is the general's immediate verdict, "she is no longer fit to associate with you or yours." His opinion changes, however, when he discovers that his own son is the culprit, and that in case of divorce the divorcée would welcome his daughter-in-law. Meanwhile his own wife, upon whom he has exercised his brutal authority, has fallen in love with his orderly, with whom she most honestly declares her intention of leaving. Stricken himself, he realizes the horror of his terrible righteousness. Undeniably a great deal of good material, but any sympathy the argument might have evoked is perceptibly dampened by the endless theorizing of the very pedantic personages which M. Hervieu uses to illustrate his ideas. Even Madame Bartet's conscientious endeavors did not succeed in putting much fire in her too classic rôle.

In Messrs. Bilhaut and Hennequin's "La Meilleure des Femmes," this "best of women" had two victims; one she tired of and married to a friend, the other grew weary of her, but she graciously supplied him with a more permanent companion, upon which she retired to become the solace of a long neglected husband.

Paris, May 1.

HENRIETTA A. MCCREA.

Scenes in "The Man from Mexico" at the Garrick



Photos Byron, N. Y.

ACT II. BLACKWELL'S ISLAND. THE CONVICTS ON THEIR WAY TO LUNCH



ACT II. BENJAMIN FITZHUGH (WILLIAM COLLIER) IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE



ACT III. BENJAMIN FITZHUGH RETURNS HOME DRESSED AS A MEXICAN

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes

The Stars of To-morrow

the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage

KATHERINE DE BARRY, who played Mama De Branscombe in "The Gay Life" with much art, was trained by one of the most famous American managers, John T. Ford. Her work resembles that of Marie Bates. Mrs. Leslie Carter selected her to play Aunt Rosa in "Zaza." Previously she had played the same rôle two seasons with Miss Eugenie Blair. She supported William Farnum as the star of the Euclid Garden Theatre Stock Company in Cleveland, and William Courtleigh in Providence. The nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" is one of her favorite and successful rôles. It is likely that "The Gay Life" will be compressed into a vaudeville sketch, in which case Miss De Barry will play the principal rôle on the vaudeville circuit.



KATH. DE BARRY

KATHARINE KÆLRED, who plays the Vampire with a daring and effective realism touched with symbolism in "A Fool There Was," is an English girl, who arrived in New York by the long and chastening way of the provinces. Miss Kaelred was born of a young couple living at Folkestone, who were devoted to their church, and especially to amateur theatricals. Her first distinct thought was to go herself on the stage. Her parents were strong in opposition and sent her to Paris to study music. But every time she paid a visit home her determination to become an actress was deeper. After a heated argument, she ran away to Dundee. There she knew that Benson's company was playing. The manager permitted her to make her début the following night as the First Lady in "Richard III." That season she ran the gamut of Shakespearian rôles, excepting only Lady Macbeth. Her first London appearance was made as Cyril Maude's leading woman. J. C. Williamson, seeing her on the London stage, engaged her to succeed Miss Maud Jeffries for an Australian tour.



Davis & Eickemeyer
KATHARINE KÆLRED

After completing this engagement she came to America, and for a season was the leading woman of the stock company at the Pabst Theatre in Milwaukee. That she and hard work walked hand in hand was proven by the fact that in five weeks she played successively the leading female rôles in "Zira," "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," "The Jilt," "The Freedom of Suzanne," and "The Devil." Last season she played the lead in Henry W. Savage's No. 1 company in "The Devil." When that company closed she was engaged by Arnold Daly, appearing with him in his brief repertoire.



E. FERNANDEZ

ESCAMILLO FERNANDEZ as Aurerio Maria Carara in "Going Some," seemed so thoroughly the love-sick, hot-tempered Mexican he portrayed that many in the audience uttered their belief that the manager had imported from Mexico a handsome greaser to live the rôle on the stage. But Mr. Fernandez was born in New York City thirty-three years ago. He began life as pianist and elocutionist, and secured an engagement with "The Still Alarm." After one season with "The Still Alarm," he was engaged for the juvenile of the Bowdoin Square Stock Company in Boston. It was while playing with this stock company that his work attracted the

attention of Kirke La Shelle, who gave Mr. Fernandez his chance by casting him for Tony, the character originally played by Edgar Selwyn, in "Arizona." He played juvenile and character rôles in "The Dragon Fly," "The Redskin," "Mozart," "The Plainsman," "The Lightning Conductor," "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," and "The Wolf." From "The Wolf" he came to his present engagement.

LAWRENCE WHEAT, who is playing the rôle of J. Wallingford Speed in "Going Some," plays with such fine humor a mere college "fan" exalted by a grim misunderstanding to the position of a runner on whom some fierce and determined cowboys have wagered their last dollar, that immediate starship stares him in the face. He is handsome, one of the few pronounced blonds on the stage or off it, and though he has passed the border line between the twenties and thirties, looks as though he had just come from college. He was born at Wheeling, West Virginia. His father was a merchant of that city. Excepting Kate Rolla, his elder sister, there are no other members of the Wheat family on the stage. He was educated in the public schools of Wheeling and at Jefferson College in Washington, Pa. His father's business reverses caused him to leave college for a mercantile life. Various posts in mercantile houses he held with little satisfaction to himself or his employers. Coming to New York, he went upon the stage, in the humble capacity of a chorus man. In 1900 there appeared in the chorus of "Mlle. Awkins" a slender, fair-haired youth, who performed his part of the chorus gyrations as though he enjoyed them. Before the piece was discontinued, Mr. Wheat had played nearly every rôle. He enlisted under the Frank Daniels Banner, playing the juvenile in "Miss Simplicity," "The Office Boy" and "Sergeant Brue." Musical comedy he deserted for the character of Stubb Talmage in "The College Widow." George Ade, thinking he detected in him a type of humor purely individual, wrote for him the brief-lived "Artie."



Armstrong
LAWRENCE WHEAT

FANIA MARINOFF, who plays the young Jewess in "The House Next Door" with so fine a naturalness that she instantly won an admiring clientèle in the metropolis, is a Russian. She was born in Odessa. When she was five years old she went to London, and there for a year she went to an English school, the learning of the new tongue causing the shy child much anguish of spirit. She came with other immigrants to Boston when she was six years old, and two years later she saw her first play. Her first appearance on the stage was in "Cyrano de Bergerac," in the character of a little boy. In the Bellows Stock company in Denver she did extra work for months, until she secured the rôle of Moll in "Mistress Nell." She next joined Blanche Walsh. Following this fallow time she played with Mrs. Pat Campbell in "The Sorceress," Dolly in "You Never Can Tell" with Arnold Daly, the ingenue rôles at the Fifth Avenue Stock Company, and last season was leading woman in "The Man on the Box."



Sarony
FANIA MARINOFF



White, N. Y. Tom Wise William Collier Hassard Short Wallace Eddinger William Harrigan Lawrence Wheat A. Baldwin Sloane John Slavin

SCENE IN "AFTER THE MATINEE," PRESENTED BY THE LAMBS IN THEIR ALL-STAR GAMBOL

The second all-star Gambol of The Lambs promises to be the most important theatrical benefit ever organized in this country. The last all-star gambol was given eleven years ago and netted \$87,000. It is expected that \$100,000 will be realized from the coming gambol. Never has such a galaxy of famous players, dramatists and composers appeared together in one entertainment. The company includes William Collier, DeWolf Hopper, Lew Fields, Joe Weber, Eddie Foy, John Slavin, Andrew Mack, Digby Bell, Maclyn Arbuckle, Henry Dixey, Charles Evans, Nat M. Willis, Raymond Hitchcock, Eugene Cowles, Wilton Lackaye, Robert Hilliard, Dustin Farnum, Cyril Scott, John Mason, Harry Woodruff, and many others equally well known. The first performance will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 24th, and the tour will include Hartford, Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg and Chicago.

Charles Frohman to Try a Repertoire Theatre

THE approaching completion of The New Theatre and official announcement of its program has had the happy effect of inducing the so-called commercial manager to look seriously into the merits and possibilities of the repertoire system. Charles Frohman has suddenly become interested in the scheme. He announces that he will make the experiment in London beginning early next spring and if successful will immediately inaugurate the new policy at the Empire Theatre in New York. This is good news, for Mr. Frohman's venture promises not only to infuse new and vigorous blood into our anaemic drama, but the Empire will once more be devoted to the purpose for which it was built. Assuredly no one house can lay exclusive claim to the repertoire idea. It will be for the best interests of the local stage to have Mr. Frohman in active competition with the millionaires' luxurious playhouse on Central Park West.

Comparatively few persons among the present generation of American playgoers quite understand the significance of the terms: "National" Theatre, "Endowed" Theatre, "Repertoire" Theatre. It is common enough to hear people exclaim: "What, another theatre! Aren't there already enough?" There certainly seem to be enough theatres, but, unfortunately, of the kind needed, there is not one of the first class. The promised repertoire theatre will simply revive the stock system as it flourished in this country a quarter of a century ago. It will attempt to neutralize the harm now done by the vicious "star system" and the "long-run system." The theatre as we know it to-day is a fungus growth which is throttling the very art it pretends to foster. Commercial greed has subordinated art considerations to money-making possibilities. Given up solely to long runs, it stunts the development of the actor and degrades the manager himself to the rank of a mere janitor. As long as the play draws, the manager makes no attempt to change his bill, and his actors, instead of acquiring versatility in new rôles, are content to go on playing the same part year in, year out. Such a system

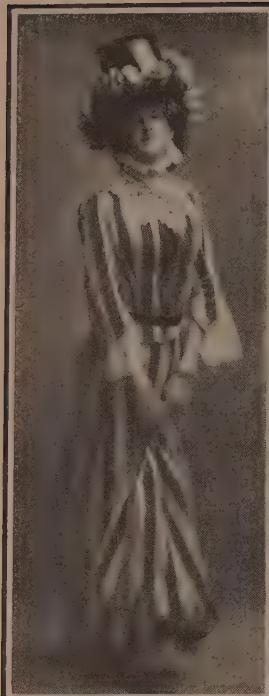
must necessarily be fatal to art, and that is, indeed, the real reason why our theatrical productions and our players show inferiority compared with those of Europe, where the stock or repertoire system still prevails. It was the repertoire system which produced our Cushmanes, our Forrests, our McCulloughs, our Jeffersons, our Booths. With our present system, who among our younger actors can replace those giants of the stage who are gone?

Regarding his plan Mr. Frohman says:

"The plan that I propose to put into full operation in February will be a development of the enterprise associated with the Court Theatre, London, which was, in my opinion, the best blow struck for the stage since the production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The method of running plays will be as follows: In the last fortnight I hope to produce two, which will share the bill between them; that is to say, they will each be played four times each week. Soon a third play will be added, when the three will share the week. Thus it will go on, one occasionally being dropped to make way for another, but all being frequently revived as long as they are popular. No play will be presented oftener than four times a week, but it may be presented every week in a year and frequently afterward.

"I shall have associated with me in the scheme Granville Barker, J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy and George Bernard Shaw. I shall have the exclusive stage work of these gentlemen and the able services of Granville Barker as stage director also.

"I expect that other writers of reputation will join in this enterprise. They will be heartily welcome, especially the newcomer who can prove his worth. In the Repertoire Theatre I shall be able to give untried playwrights a chance frequently, even in the evening bill, because I can do that at a comparatively small expense. I hope that this Repertoire Theatre will become the home of the ambitious dramatist. I merely beg of him to be done with the theatrical element and to write only of the life



Ralph Menard



Harry Dowst James W. Nichols

Carroll J. Swan J. S. Alexander H. Dwight Cushing



Walter E. Anderton

CHARACTERS IN "THE GUM SHOE GIRL," PRESENTED BY B COMPANY, FIRST CORPS CADETS, MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA

The First Corps Cadets, a militia organization of Boston, occupies in Massachusetts a place similar to that of the 7th Regiment in New York. It receives no support from the State, and in order to provide funds it has been customary for the Corps to present each year a musical play. Among its productions have been "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "1492," etc. These cadet theatricals soon became a recognized social event in Boston, being usually produced at the Tremont every spring. Of late, for various reasons, the Cadet shows have been discontinued, but this year it was proposed to produce a musical comedy, the proceeds to be used as a basis for a company fund, and "The Gum Shoe Girl" was the result.

that he really knows. Let him treat existence as in his eyes it is lived and not as he thinks people want it on the stage. I advise him to learn the conventions of the stage, but chiefly that he may be able to disregard them. The Repertoire Theatre will show no preference for any particular kind of play. I want what is good of any kind. It is sometimes said 'A good thing, but not a play'; this is one of the kinds I want.

"The company that I am forming for London, and shall shortly announce, will contain a number of stars in it, but no starring. Its members understand what the demands are of a Repertoire Theatre. From time to time I shall take the public into my confidence and tell them in dollars how we are progressing. As a business man I shall work for a profit, but as the expenses must be great I shall be satisfied if it prove only a small profit. In this system the authors must also suffer pecuniarily, but the constant reproduction of their plays will help considerably to equalize matters. The

actors will have to work a great deal harder. We all know what we are doing and believe there are recompenses.

"The venture will be in full operation at the Duke of York's Theatre by February next. If it succeeds I shall duplicate the scheme at the Empire Theatre, New York."

The New Theatre, which is now nearly completed, will open its doors to the public about November 1. The subscription lists are now open and something is already known of the plans of the directors, Mr. Winthrop Ames, Mr. Lee Shubert and Mr. John Corbin. One of the most important of the dramatic productions to be made will be the play "Beethoven," by René Fauchois, one of the recent notable successes in Paris and a full account of which appeared in our last issue. The lyric performances at this house will begin with a revival of Massenet's "Werther." The detailed announcement of the management will be found in another part of this issue.



FOURTH ANNUAL APPEARANCE OF THE ATLAS CLUB MINSTRELS AT THE AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO

"Looking Forward, or Prying Open the Future," a musical tragedy, is the title of the musical play given this year by the Chicago Atlas Club. The story takes us on the wings of imagination twenty years hence. The scene opens on the waiting room of the Amalgamated Advertising Agents. Rip Van Hische, who has attracted much attention to himself as a writer of effective incubator "copy," has just returned to become the Vice-President of the Amalgamated Advertising Agents. He finds that under this name all the agency interests have become united, with John Main as President. Many other startling changes have taken place, especially in the matter of the representation of the various national publications. All of Hische's old associates have given place to their sons, who carry on the battle of business under new and strange policies.



Photo Sarony, N. Y.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ETHEL BARRYMORE

Miss Barrymore was married at Hyde Park, Mass., on March 14 last, to Russell Griswold Colt, a son of Samuel Pomeroy Colt, President of the United States Rubber Company and of the Industrial Trust Company of Providence, R. I. Miss Barrymore is at present appearing in other cities, playing Lady Frederick in W. Somerset Maugham's charming comedy of that name. Her tour will close next month. No plans have yet been made regarding next season, although it is understood that she will be seen in a new play. It is likely that Miss Barrymore will go to London this summer and not impossible that she will be a member of Charles Frohman's promised stock company at the Empire Theatre next February.

In A Nursery Behind The Footlights



THE CHILDREN WHO ARE AN INDISPENSABLE FEATURE OF "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

IT is a queer kind of a Nursery, for it's a movable one. It follows the children from place to place, and creates itself out of any hotel where the troupe may be stopping while on the road; but the hotels are always good ones, so the Nursery keeps up its standard of excellence accordingly.

It was temporarily stationed in a small room behind the stage in a theatre in Greater New York when the writer first saw it, and small as it was, it made a favorable impression at first sight, for it had a pleasing touch of home about it that made one think of early teas at little round tables and children tucked snugly in bed at early hours instead of the unnatural life of the stage.

We had been led behind the scenes, where disillusion reigns in all its baldness, up steep, stone stairs, and along narrow corridors to a door which opened to permit our entrance with real theatrical magic, and we glanced about expecting to see old battered tin horses, headless and legless soldiers, broken wagons and dolls, and perhaps some earnest little faces raised inquiringly as we appeared; but, instead of this, one saw first of all the Mother-Nurse of the children.

Her strong, sweet face, gentle dignity of manner, and unmistakable refinement were a pleasant index to all that we learned later about the children and their care.

"Yes, this is the Nursery," and she laughed as she drew forward a chair for her visitor. "It's the Nursery for an hour or two to-day and for the evening performance, and then it follows the children elsewhere."

"Ah! Then the children make the Nursery, I see?"

"Yes—and unmake it," and she laughed again as she stooped and

picked up some discarded "property" clothes. "They are on the stage now, but they'll be back in a few moments. You want to see 'Tommy' particularly? Well, he'll be off presently. Yes, he's my youngest child, and I never leave him. I have charge of all the children—I'm mother to all."

"Something as 'Mrs. Wiggs' is?" was suggested.

"I don't know about that. I confine my interest to the children we have in the troupe. Here comes 'Tommy' now."

And "Tommy" came.

He ran into the room from the stage, with every dangling, yellow curl bobbing in happy confusion, and bright blue eyes alight with—not the triumph of the success he had just scored, but the anticipation contained in the eager query:

"Now, where's my tandy? What did you do with it, mama?"

Plaudits? Genius? What cared he for these when something sweeter far was to be had by just standing tip-toe on one tiny foot and stretching a tinier hand up to where, behind the mirror, a much-worn paper bag, containing five cents' worth of butter-scotch, was to be had for the taking? Forsooth! This "small, pale star" had loftier ambitions than the enthusiastic applause of an adoring public, whom he never even sees even when he is acting for their benefit!

But if "Tommy" was indifferent to his histrionic success, he was not, apparently, to the enticing influence of personal adornment, for when asked what he loved best of all he promptly replied: "I love my night-dress best."

If this were a hint, we did not take it, for we were watching this tiny actor off the stage in a play all his own, and we



Otto Sarony Co.
ALL THE CHILDREN IN ORDINARY DRESS



"TOMMY"

Works but Father, we found out things about him and about the Nursery in general that we thought others would like to hear.

"Who has trained him?"

"Oh, he requires very little training. We aim to avoid much training of the children. We think it makes them stiff and unnatural. We teach them their lines, and then——"

"Did you hear me say, 'Teacher, tan I det a dink?'" eagerly interrupted "Tommy," pausing in the inspection of his "property" "night-dess" to regard us over the top with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, indeed we did."

"Didn't I say it nice?" His tone was a challenge.

"Splendidly. I was in the audience, and I heard you say it."

"I didn't see you," he said, and stared at us for a few moments as though wondering how we could possibly have escaped his penetrating glance.

"He never sees anybody," put in the Mother-Nurse. "I doubt if he even knows that there is an audience there until they applaud. He thinks it all playing—making believe, I mean, and is always eager to go on."

Here, as though summoned by an invisible call, "Tommy" dropped his "night-dess," and dashed out of the door. "Why, who called him?" was the astonished query.

"No one. The children seem to know by instinct when it is time to go on. They are never called."

The visitor glanced up at "Asia" and "Australia" who were seated near-by, the one perched upon a trunk quietly crocheting a blue slipper, and the other absorbed in Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," her feet on the rungs of her chair, and her whole girlish heart lost in the adventures of "Joe, Meg, and Amy." This was

forgot time, and place, and even "night-desses" in doing so. His charming unconsciousness, his naturalness in a world where children forget that the first thing, were an unexpected delight. Then, while he shook out his "night-dess," and held it up to him to see it "almost trail upon the floor," humming as he did so through the interstices of the butter-scotch, *Everybody*

the "bookworm of the Nursery," and she had read all of Miss Alcott's book during the season. The purity and simplicity of the book, and her young, painted face, and her profession, made a curious and interesting contrast that was sharply defined. Were it not for the "make-up," and the time and place, these two young girls might have been schoolgirls enjoying home life instead of two clever young actresses awaiting their "cue" to go on the stage.

"How about schooling?"

"There is plenty of that. I teach them. Whether on the road or not they are never allowed to neglect their studies. They have their lessons and then exercise. They all have bicycles, excepting 'Tommy' who has an auto. These go in with the 'property,' and are carried wherever we go. The children are supposed to use them, and obtain exercise in this way if in no other. Their education is supplemented by travel—that is, while we are traveling they are taught everything about the town or city in which we happen to be, and are always taken to places of historical interest. When we were playing in Boston, they were taken to Concord and Lexington, and the history of the place made clear to them."

"But who pays for all these outside expenses?"

"Mrs. Madge Carr Cook. She pays everything out of her personal account, too. She is deeply interested in the education of the children, and watches over them carefully. The birthdays of the children are always celebrated with ice-cream and cake, and the rest of the troupe give them presents."

"What about Christmas? Is this remembered in the Nursery?"

"Oh, yes, indeed it is. After the performance on Christmas night we always have a Christmas tree behind the scenes on the stage, and the troupe gather around, and we have great fun. Then, too, the children hang up



TOMMY ON HIS ROCKING HORSE

their stockings."

"How do the children endure the late hours?"

"We are very careful about that. They all take a nap during the day and have their baths, and their diet is carefully regulated. 'Tommy' hates his bath, and is often very amusing. We always permit him to sleep late, and so he awakens and is obliged to take his bath when the other



TOMMY IN HIS "NIGHT-DESS"



Sarony

WILLIAM COLLIER IN "THE PATRIOT"

children are just starting out for their walk. This makes him furious, of course, but we cannot arrange it otherwise. One day Mrs. Cook was talking seriously to him about some of the dangers of the world, and she said, 'You must never tell a lie, nor do anything that you would be ashamed to have the world see you doing.' 'Very well, then,' said 'Tommy,' 'I'd better stop taking my bath right away.' He is a great boy. He is the pet of the troupe, but we do not allow him to be spoiled; nevertheless, we find it hard to avoid it sometimes. He says and does such comical things. One day he met Mrs. Cook and greeted her with, 'Hello, Mrs. Cook.' She reproved him, saying that little gentlemen never say 'hello' to ladies. He should say 'Good evening, Mrs. Cook.' The next morning he electrified her by saying 'Good evening, Mrs. Cook.' And morning or afternoon, he would say nothing else."

"How do you manage him on the stage?"

"He is generally very tractable, but he is so young—only three and a half—that he makes funny mistakes. At first he had to be prompted by the older children, but after he saw that they were not prompted when it came their turn to speak their lines, he would get very indignant if they attempted to help him, and to avoid the humiliation of this he would often hurry his lines and get them in ahead of time. He has an amusing habit of raising his hand as school children do, when he says 'Teacher, can I get a drink?' In fact, he persists in doing this whenever he speaks at all on the stage, so to avoid this we have hit upon the scheme of making him stroke Roma when he says them. Roma is the Scotch collie, you know. She is not on now, because she has been sick for a week. Then, too, 'Tommy' would never understand when it was time for him to leave the stage, so we used Roma in this also. We have trained her when to go off and 'Tommy' to follow her, and the plan works beautifully."

"How do the parents of the other children regard this life for them?"

"Very highly. The children do not all come from the best families you know, and the parents knowing what care we give them are only too glad to have them with us, and so off the streets. They are never permitted to feel lonely or unhappy. I am responsible for them, and never permit them to leave my sight. When we travel we go to good hotels, and the children have the best food. They have, in fact, as much of a pure home life as we can crowd into a traveling existence. 'Asia' and 'Australia' are sisters off the stage as well as on it, and 'Micky Viney' is their brother, so we have almost the whole family with us, and it makes it very homelike as you can see."

"But I cannot understand how 'Tommy' can endure all this traveling and the late hours. He looks well, but he's such a fairy-like little creature."

"He is well. I make him take a nap every day, and I watch over him very carefully. He's very amusing about traveling. When we settle in a hotel, he'll say, 'Now, I like this place, let's stay here.' And then when we leave and move on again he'll fret a bit and then say, 'I don't see why you had to go and leave *that* home. It was a very nice place. Why have we got to move again?' He thinks it's always 'moving day' with us when we're on the road."

"Have you had any trouble about so small a child being before the public?"

"No; but we have to get out a permit wherever we are for him and the other children. It's a nuisance, but it's the law, and we have to comply with it. It protects those who may really need it. I rather dread the day for 'Tommy' when he has grown too large to fit the part. You see, we have to have a small, light child, as there is a great deal of carrying to be done, and a child that is heavy would be a great burden. I dread the day when he must give it up, because he will miss it so sorely. The other 'Tommys' have felt humiliated, and they never admit that they have outgrown it; they merely say that 'the company wanted someone else for a time.' It has its own pathos, has it not?"

"Although he says so little on the stage, he does considerable acting."

"Yes," she replied, "he is strong on that. The children are allowed to put in as much 'business' as they like, so long as it does not interfere with the different parts. Once 'Mrs. Wiggs' was surprised to hear a roar of laughter and applause in a place where she never before had gotten a laugh, and she turned around to see what had caused it. There was 'Tommy' with legs wide apart, sleeves rolled up, and his two tiny fists fighting an imaginary foe, while with every stroke his curls stood on end. He stood in the middle of the stage and was so unconscious, so deadly in earnest that he was simply killingly funny, and even Mrs. Cook herself couldn't help laughing. His 'business' created a great sensation that night, I can assure you."

"What do you do in case one of the children is too ill to appear?" she was asked.

"Each child knows the other one's part to perfection. The girls know the boys' parts and the boys the girls'. In fact, some of the children know almost the whole play, and could act it for you. The memory of a child is remarkable."

"I presume that in spite of the perfect system that prevails things do often go wrong behind the scenes the same as in all companies."

"Yes," she said, "especially with the goat. We used to own one, and he was part of the 'property,' but we had to get rid of him much to the grief of the children. If left standing around unwatched he would begin to eat up the scenery, and we found that too expensive as well as inconvenient, so he was 'bounced.'"

"A novel sensation for him, no doubt. A sort of reversing of the tables?"

"Yes; so now we hire one in each town. This naturally makes the goat attain to the 'unknown quantity' for us, and we have all

sorts of tremors until he has proven himself. We once hired one that proved to be too opinionated. Just before he was to be driven on the manager heard a commotion back of the stage, and hurried out to investigate it. He found two of the boys held at bay, while the 'unknown quantity' was standing before them with head lowered in anything but an abject attitude.

"Do the children show individual tastes?"

"Yes, decidedly, especially the girls. 'Australia' is devoted to books, and has to be positively driven away from them. 'Asia' is a little home-mother, and does most of the packing. When I come up from the stage after getting 'Tommy,' she has all the clothes packed and ready to be carried away. 'Europa' is a lively, merry child, and has not yet developed any very decided tastes."

"Has 'Tommy'—?" But at this juncture the patter of small feet was heard flying along the corridor.

"I came up all by myself," he announced with brilliant eyes, as he ran into the room, "and I don't have to go back again."

"No, darling, you don't," said his real Mother, rising. "Come, now, and I will put on your things to go."

"Yes. Put on my night-dress," he commanded, joyously.

This time the hard-headed visitor took the hint and arose to depart; but some lingering memory of a vanished childhood induced the visitor to turn at the door and say suggestively:

"Well, good-bye, 'Tommy,' dear. Will you promise me to be a good boy until we meet again?"

"Tommy" was absorbed in rolling his "night-dress" into a bewildering heap preparatory to its seclusion in the "property" trunk, and he answered abstractly:

"I tant be a good boy *tause I' a dir!*" LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

To Frances Starr

In "The Easiest Way"

Where have I seen her before,
Or is it only a play?
Coquette with life and her fate,
Treating the easiest way?

Ah, I have seen her before,
This is not merely a play!
Shadows that stand at our door,
Seeking the easiest way.

Butterflies may have a heart,—
Hearts that love but for a day,
Then come the dark and the cold—
That is the easiest way.

Poor little flame of desire,
Winds of the world as they sway
Puff out her light and her fire—
That is the easiest way.

ANNE PEACOCK.



THE FUNERAL OF HELENA MODJESKA IN ST. VIBIANA'S CATHEDRAL, LOS ANGELES

The last rites over the distinguished actress were marked by extreme simplicity. The remains were taken to Los Angeles in a special train from Newport Beach, and lay in state for two days at the Hall of the Knights of Columbus. On Monday morning, April 12, the funeral services were held in St. Vibiana's Cathedral. Preceded by a guard of honor and a long line of honorary pall-bearers selected from the business and professional ranks of the city, the procession passed through the principal streets, and business and the rush of traffic were stilled for the moment. At the cathedral, after the celebration of high mass, Bishop Thomas Conaty preached the sermon. The remains were taken to the vault of Calvary Cemetery, and will rest there until such time as Modjeska's husband, Count Bozenta, can arrange his affairs and remove to Poland, where he will spend his declining years beside the tomb of his wife. The picture shows the interior of St. Vibiana's Cathedral, Los Angeles, taken from the choir-loft as the funeral cortege was entering. The casket is covered with Easter lilies and roses from the little sea-beach garden in which Modjeska spent so many quiet, happy hours during the last days of her life.

The Actor in the Street

"THE Actor in the Street?" That's me," said James T. Powers, after the "f'nally" of the 1st act of "Havana," as he tripped into his dressing room at the Casino. "I have always been in the street—I had better say, the streets, plural, because in 'the' Street it would be a case of Humpty-Dumpty with me. I'm the most unsophisticated lamb ever seen.

"Speaking about streets, last fall I took a trip to Spain in search for local color for 'Havana,' with my wife, and we visited sunny Italy before returning. We were in Venice for a while. Great place, Venice! You know, if they want to make a new street there, they siphon the water out of one of the regular streets, and pretty soon they have a new one. When they have a fire all they have to do is to open the front door and let the water rush in. It's got Chief Crocker's high-pressure mains beaten to a frazzle.

"My wife's room was across the hall from mine. One day she said to me: 'James, what time did you get in last night?' I told her at about half-past one. 'No such thing,' she came back, 'you didn't get in until four o'clock. I heard you treading water up the stairs.'

"We were in Rome for some time, too. The first day, as my wife and I were walking along the Piazza di Spagna, I slipped and fell on a banana peel. She said: 'You clumsy thing, James! What did you do that for?' I replied, 'When in Rome do as the Romans do.'

"Now, you want to know, I suppose, where I ran down Samuel Nix, my part in this perfect show? Am I right? There's no use in my sitting here à la Sphinx while you fire away questions at me. You know, I get more fun than you do out of an interview, and I have you at my mercy as long as you are here. With a raise of a finger my Touring Newspaper Beauties and the 'Havana' Cigar Girls would be in here and kidnap you from my presence!

"My wife and I were peacefully enjoying ourselves with the 'six best sellers' up in the White Mountains last summer when my positive and negative poles bumped together, and I got a 'C. Q. D.' from Lee Shubert to go to London to see 'Havana.' A 'C. Q. D.' from Lee means P. D. Q., and it was not long before I

found myself up in a 'bus heading for George Edwardes' Gaiety Theatre and 'Havana.' After looking it over we went to Spain and Italy, as I said before, and then returned to Forty-second Street and I rewrote all the lyrics, and the 'f'nally' of the first act.

I also introduced the red-headed boy into the piece. Then I started out to find what I couldn't find in Spain—the Bo'sun of the 'Wasp.'

"Of course. I didn't look for him in Times Square or Central Park. I went down to New York's Havana, along the East River waterfront, where the bananas come and go. There I busied myself with the fruit pirates and stevedores. In half an hour after I had walked along the river front I found—myself! That is, I found myself as you see me now. Drawing near to the red-headed bouncer of the banana schooner 'Señora,' I caught a few words from his cannibal-looking mouth. These words caused me to rewrite what I had rewritten of 'Havana,' and I considered it well worth while to see more of the first mate of the 'Señora.'

"Three days later I went down to the river-front again, and my, what a time I had finding the 'Señora'! It was worse than looking for a bargain at a bargain counter. I had put on an old suit of clothes to make myself feel at home, and took up my stand—until a big 'Jack' Johnson-looking fellow got up off of a coil of rope on the wharf, when I sat down—alongside of the 'Señora.' I hadn't been there long when my 'model' jumped off the schooner and, looking about him and spying me, shouted:

"Come aboard, you landlubber, if you want something to do!"

"There was something in his tone and size that made me obey instantly, and before I knew it I was on the 'used sapolio' deck of the flagship of the banana squadron pulling away at the rain-soaked canvas. You ought to have seen my immaculately manicured finger tips! But, then, I was near my 'Havana' affinity, the first mate of the banana flagship. He stood over me for fully an hour without saying a word, and as I glanced at him out of the corner of my eye I studied his pose. That's where I got the bend to my



MR. POWERS AS THE BO'SUN OF THE "WASP"



Flipper in "A Runaway Girl"



As the Whirling Dervish



Caddy in "Erminie"



In "The Messenger Boy"



Li in "San Toy"

JAMES T. POWERS IN SOME OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL IMPERSONATIONS

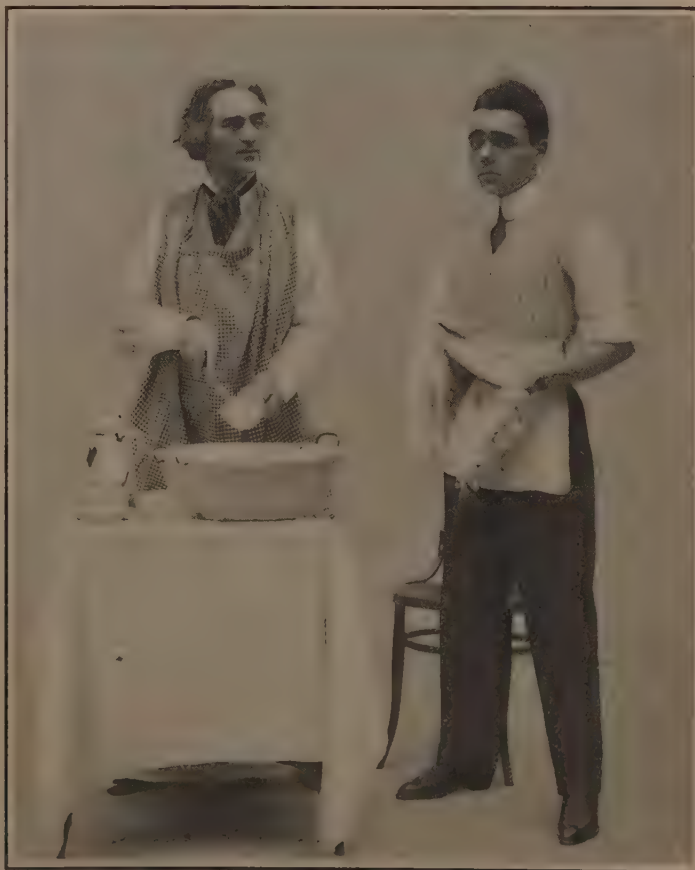
Scenes in "The Climax" at Daly's Theatre



John Raymond (William Lewers) Adelina (Leona Watson) Luigi Golfanti (Albert Bruning) Pietro Golfanti (Effingham Pinto)
 ACT II. JOHN RAYMOND: "THERE IS ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND THAT YOU WILL EVER SING AGAIN!"



Adelina von Hagen (Leona Watson) Luigi Golfanti (Albert Bruning)
 ACT II. LUIGI: "I WILL FIGHT IT OUT"



Luigi Golfanti (Albert Bruning) Pietro Golfanti (Effingham Pinto)
 ACT III. LUIGI: "WHY YOU MAKE SUCH A FACE, EH?"

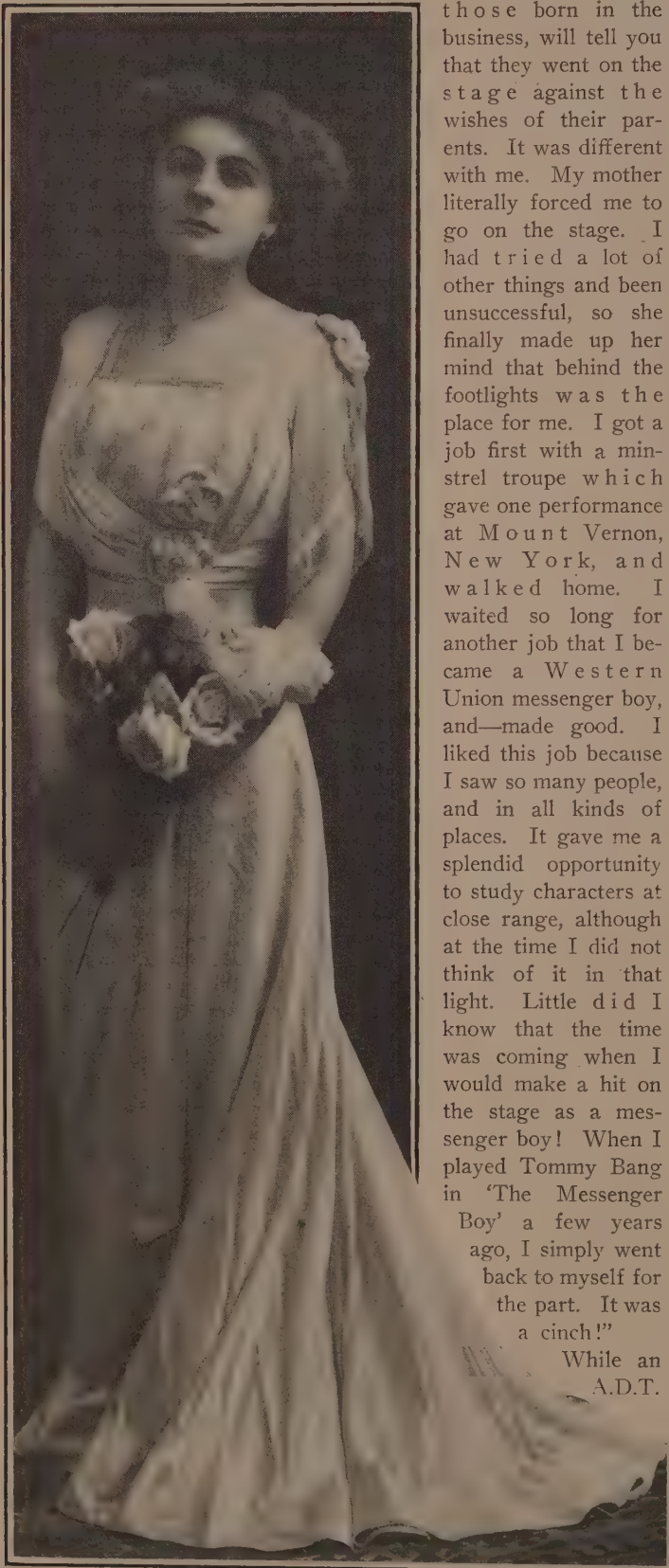
legs and the 'hard a-port' turnabout that I use throughout the performance.

"I suppose most persons who see us get off odd steps on the stage think we learned them at dancing school. If that were the case, anyone could pick them up, and there would be so many of us after the same job that we would be obliged to have a high protective tariff for stage commodities.

"I only lasted a few hours before the mast, when I was given a bit of plugged silver and a merry farewell. That reminds me. As a kid, it was always a case of 'James, you are discharged!' And it was that way until I finally went on the stage. Every

other actor, except those born in the business, will tell you that they went on the stage against the wishes of their parents. It was different with me. My mother literally forced me to go on the stage. I had tried a lot of other things and been unsuccessful, so she finally made up her mind that behind the footlights was the place for me. I got a job first with a minstrel troupe which gave one performance at Mount Vernon, New York, and walked home. I waited so long for another job that I became a Western Union messenger boy, and—made good. I liked this job because I saw so many people, and in all kinds of places. It gave me a splendid opportunity to study characters at close range, although at the time I did not think of it in that light. Little did I know that the time was coming when I would make a hit on the stage as a messenger boy! When I played Tommy Bang in 'The Messenger Boy' a few years ago, I simply went back to myself for the part. It was a cinch!"

While an
A.D.T.



Sarony

CHRISTINE NORMAN

Who has been appearing as Agatha in "The Warrens of Virginia." Has been engaged as leading woman for the summer stock season at Elitch's Gardens, Denver

marathon runner, "Jimmie" Powers had occasion to deliver a number of messages to the ring master of Van Ambergh's circus, and when the ring master learned of young Powers' stage career with the ill-fated minstrel troupe, he asked him if he would like to join the circus. He had no sooner said the words than the A. D. T. cap was tossed in the air, and "Jimmie" Powers did a few handspings of joy. Powers traveled from New York to Wyoming with Van Ambergh's circus as a clown, and danced in concert.

All of the available wall space in Mr. Powers' dressing room at the Casino is covered with post-cards showing characters from Dickens. They are even stuck in the edges of the mirror, leaving only a small opening for the comedian to see himself in.

"I see you're interested in my Dickens collection," remarked the actor. "Dick-

ens' 'Pickwick Papers' are the best menus a-going. When I don't know what to eat, I order precisely the same things described by Dickens in one of the Pickwick dinners. Always, while on the road, I carry a pocket edition of the 'Pickwick Papers' with me—my stomach couldn't get along without them."

It is strange that Mr. Powers has played nothing but boy parts here, while in England, when he was a boy, he played only old men.

"We always want to be what we are not," said the comedian.

However, although he has been on the stage for over a quarter of a century, Mr. Powers is still the "Jimmie" Powers of the streets, in so far as youthfulness and boyish simplicity and good will are concerned.

After playing the Emperor of Morocco in the 1884-5 pantomime of "Whittington and His Cat" at the Drury Lane Theatre in London, Powers returned to Broadway and played Rats, the part of a good-natured young tough, in "A Tin Soldier." Mr. Powers in this part gave a true characterization of a young "rough-and-ready" of the old Ninth Ward, where Powers was born and spent his boyhood days. This young "tough" was the hero of "the old Ninth," and was ever ready to help the downtrodden.

"Whenever I would lose my job," said Powers, "he would go home with me and assure my mother that it was through no fault of mine. Many a beating he saved me!"

Rats was a sort of Chimney Fadden, with a distinctive way all his own. Powers scored in the part simply because he had noted the fine points—shrug of the shoulders, swing of the right elbow, semi-circular kick of the left leg, and pressure of the lips—which he had carefully studied—copied—from the "idol" of the "old Ninth."

"I found Briole, my part in 'The Marquis,' and the first part I played at the Casino in London long before I had any idea of ever playing such a rôle. While at the Empire and later at the Drury Lane, I was in the habit of strolling over to Lincoln's Inn Fields in the afternoon, and at precisely 3.30 P. M. every day I ran straight into the original of my Briole. He was a distinguished



Copyright Alfred Ellis

EVELYN MILLARD

Now appearing successfully in London in a revival of Anthony Hope's comedy "The Adventure of Lady Ursula"

appearing Frenchman of the old days, and his manner was particularly striking. The way he had of turning his whole body around whenever he wanted to glance to one side gave me one of my best bits of 'business.'

"Meeting him so often, after a while he seemed to sort of look for me at the square. He would hesitate and wait around if I happened to be a little late in reaching our common meeting ground, then he would pass on. Never a word did we speak to each other. It was his silent attitude that I was after."

Mr. Powers' clown days with Van Ambergh's circus repaid him well in "The Circus Girl" at Daly's.

"Again, I simply went back to myself for the part," said Powers.

Previous to appearing in "A Runaway Girl," Mr. and Mrs. Powers went on a Cook's tour through Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France, and the comedian picked up most of his best "stunts," which he afterwards used in his hilarious *Follow the Man from Cook's* song, from a little fellow wearing Cook's cap, who piloted the party up the Rhine.

"This fellow was the real Flipper," Mr. Powers told me. "Of course, he was not as flip as I made him in the piece—we have to put on the trimmings, you know—but he gave me the right idea for the part. Everyone liked him, and he certainly showed us the sights. We saw things like one views the passing scenery from the car window of a through limited express!"

"One strange coincidence, the real Flipper and I were of about the same size and build, and we looked strikingly alike in every way. When we both had our hats off the other tourists often mistook me for their guide. One day while the guide was busily engaged in the baggage room, just for fun I took his cap, which he had left on top of a steamer trunk, and I ran away with the party, who were waiting outside. But we had only gone a short distance up the street when I was stopped by a policeman. My face had failed me! Luckily for me, I suppose, I didn't know what the man said to me, and while I was listening attentively to his entreaties, my counterpart came running up to where we stood, carrying my hat in his hand. I tell you, I felt greatly relieved, because a one-sided conversation with an officer of the law is not very sociable.

"When I sang the *Follow the Man from Cook's* song on the first night, the leader of the orchestra frowned at me all through the piece. After the performance he told me that I didn't sing it according to the music. I replied that I sang it as Flipper did. The orchestra leader turned away in disgust, mumbling that I was 'too d— flip.'"



JOSEPHINE VICTOR
Played Margaret Lawrence in "The Battle." Recently seen as Olivia in "Twelfth Night" with Maude Adams



Bangs
AMELIA STONE
Seen recently in "A Gay Musician"

There was a Chinese laundry around the corner from Daly's, where Powers and the members of the Daly Musical Comedy Company used to send their washing. When Powers was given the part of Li in "San Toy," he took his washing in to the Chinaman himself, that he might have a chance of studying him. Powers particularly wanted to get some Chinese accent. Entering the laundry place, Powers addressed the Chinaman like this:

"Howdee doo, John, have collars all leddy plitty soon—Fridee, yep, John?"

To the comedian's utter disgust the Chinaman answered in excellent English: "I will have your collars ready for you by Thursday, Mr. Powers."

"Well, I had to hunt up another Chink," said Powers, and he went down to Chinatown. In Doyers Street in a little glassware shop he found his man—a talkative Chinaman—indeed, a strange thing! Powers got this Chinaman to tell him in his bad English certain phrases, which he immediately wrote in a notebook. Afterwards Powers elaborated these phrases and practiced saying them to the Doyers

Street glassware merchant. The actor also made several visits to the Chinese Theatre, where he picked up a little Chinese accent.

In "San Toy," one of Mr. Powers' bits of business was an imitation of an Irish policeman. It will be recalled that he was made up as a Chinaman, with black lines to give the almond shape to his Irish-blue eyes. He turned his back to the audience for a

second, wound the queue quickly around his face like a scrubby beard and swelled his way across the stage in pose and facial expression a perfect caricature of a Ninth Avenue cop.

Mr. Powers picked up many clever dancing steps while trying to keep his balance as he would trip over his long queue in the same piece. Recently, in "Havana," he learned a new bit of business when he accidentally fell on the aft deck of the "Wasp." One thing about "Jimmie" Powers, when a boy he would always get up better off after being kicked down, and now when he falls he gets up with a new step or two for his stage "business."

"Do you know where I got the idea for Charlie Taylor's desire to be a hero?" Mr. Powers asked when I mentioned his part in "The Blue Moon."

"Well, it's something that I've remembered since I was a little kid. There used to be a little girl on our block that I was very much in love with. I used to hire the other kids in the neighborhood to fight me with sticks for swords in front of her house, and let me win. If they didn't stay down when I licked 'em they didn't get any money."

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

Hedwig Reicher—New English-speaking Star

"I WANT to be a human."

A tall girl sat beside a window in an apartment near the park. She sat with eager hands clasped and the rapt expression of a tiny girl telling or listening to a fairy story. Her

eyes were deep and dark and wonderfully long lashed. Her face was one of noble lines with long classic features. Her dark hair was parted and combed loosely down about her ears, after the fashion of the Madonnas of the Italians. She was a girl who brimmed with tantalizing resemblances. Her intensely dark coloring and marble like features suggested Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The imposing height, the long, fine sweep of limb, summoned memories of Nance O'Neill. But when she smiled there was a hint of Mrs. James Brown Potter's eternally youthful smile.

The girl was Hedwig Reicher, the German actress, who is following in the path successfully trod by Bertha Kalich and Alla Nazimova. At the beginning of next season she will make her début in

Martha Morton's adaptation of Leopold Kampf's Russian revolutionary drama "On the Eve," on an American stage, and in the recently and painfully acquired English tongue.

She is like a little girl listening to a fairy story, for to play in English on an American stage to American audiences seems to her as beautiful as any story of elves and sprites she ever heard at her mother's knee. They were always fairies of the theatre, these stories heard from her mother, for Mrs. Emanuel Reicher was Lena Harf, long the principal actress of the Court Theatre at Oldenburg. Her father is Emmanuel Reicher, the famous character actor of the Lessing Theatre in Berlin. Martha Morton saw Miss Reicher play the chief rôle in "On the Eve" in German, and convinced Henry B. Harris that she had discovered more of that blood of the Old World, the transfusion of which into the dramatic veins of this country makes for greater excellence.

The girl who stands at the threshold of what it is predicted will be a brilliant success in this country is a vivid figure, not only because of her beauty, unusual as that is, but because of the precocious ripeness of her art and the originality of her outlook upon life that presage popularity in this country, which is always hospitable to the worthy.

Although she is but twenty-three, behind her lie eleven years of hard and fruitful work. At fifteen she played Nora in "The Doll's House" in the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin. At sixteen she played the chief rôle in "The Fires of St. John" in Leipsic. The next week she was the Judith of an ambitious production. The next year she was Frou Frou of the Schauspiel in Hambourg, and the next the leading woman of the Stadt Theatre at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The hard-to-please German critics began to say "Like father like daughter," when the girl still in her teens played Salome to her father's Herod in Berlin. She came to this country season before last to play at the Irving Place Theatre. Thence she went to the new German Theatre at 59th Street and Madison Avenue. Her last appearance was as Salome when the subtlety of her performance astonished all who witnessed it.

A feat unparalleled probably in studies was her learning the rôle of Iphigenia—"the longest rôle ever written," said Miss Reicher, casting serious eyes backward upon that time of mental travail—in Esperanto, in six weeks. She knew no more of Esperanto than of Choctaw, but her father wished her to appear before the International Congress of Esperantists, where forty-two nationalities were represented at Dresden, and dutifully the girl sailed after an exacting season at the Irving Place Theatre to undertake her appalling task. She went, she studied, she conquered. At least bearded Esperantists smilingly say that their pleasantest recollection of the Congress was the appearance of Emmanuel Reicher's daughter, tall, majestic in the majesty of youth, graceful in the flowing robes of Iphigenia, and speaking in a rich, round-toned, deep voice their beloved new minted language.

The character in which she will make her début is that of Anna, a wealthy girl who sympathizes with revolutionary ideas because of her lover's interest in them. The play is a tragedy, and ends with the death of the lover.

"It is a good opportunity. I am satisfied," said the young actress. The character of the heroine is a very human one."

"You want to be human?" I suggested.

"No, I wish to be a human—that is more," she answered in her careful new English, and with her illuminating smile. "That is the greatest thing in life, to be vitally and thoroughly a human. To see the great world of living beings as they are. That is the way to be happy.

When people are unhappy, it is because they do not see. Their eyes are, as it were, only partly open. They see but in part."

"But don't you fear to see all that life may hold, perhaps of disillusionment, of pain?"

Again the illuminating smile.

"No, Oh, no. I am never afraid. Fear is dreadful. It is the only thing to be feared. I am not afraid. And I want to grow to that state where fear is not possible. I want to be like Siegfried, you know. I am not yet, but I want to."

The girl proceeded with her philosophy compounded of the elastic hopefulness and buoyancy of youth, and the tired world's wisdom of seeking happiness from the only sure source, within.

"To be a human I must grow fully to be what I want to be. I must be full of



HEDWIG REICHER AS SALOME



HEDWIG REICHER AS IPHIGENIA

strength and hope and happiness, so that I may give them out." She clasped her long, firm, tapering fingers upon her breast. "When we are only half filled with the joy and brightness of life, we cannot give."

Still with the idea that though here was a young woman tall as Juno's self, I was talking with a youthful dreamer of dreams, a girl busy in building air castles, I asked her to describe those air castles. "Perhaps you think of a house in New York, a country place, and a yacht?" Lucifer-like I pointed the way to material pleasures.

She shook her head and clasped her hands again, as she does in moods of concentration. "No, not that." She shook her head gravely, "I want to be an international actress. I want the whole world for my home."

How did she feel at the open door of a genuinely American début?

She smiled the young, glorifying Reicher smile. "I am glad," she said, and stopped, as though that expressed much, which it does.

"I have fallen in love with America. It is so young and strong. Everybody here is so young. I have never seen an old woman in America. I have seen women with gray hair. But they have young eyes and young souls. They are young. And the men seem young. Their faces are youthful. They are serious. They think much of business. But they are pure. Their thoughts are pure. So they seem to me."

"Do you think we have no art in America?"

"Indeed, no. You have much art. You love art. You give art a chance, for you encourage individuality. In Europe art is decadent. It sacrifices always the individual. In Germany it requires twenty years to become a star."

That Geraldine Farrar, an American girl, thinks otherwise occurred to us both.

"It is novelty that attracts," Hedwig Reicher explained. "You see, I am German. I come here, and all is new and fresh to me. I fall in love with it. Fraulein Farrar is American. She goes to Germany where all is old. She loves that. It is the law of contrast. But my father agrees with me. He says that America is the land for the young. It is the country of opportunity. He says it will become the art center of the world."

"But no one who has seen your best theatres and players can say truthfully that there is no art in America. I have seen some of them. Your Mr. Sothorn is versatile and thorough and careful. He is more. He is earnest, and that is art."

"Then art is earnestness?"

"Yes. I have seen Miss Adams. She is very good, very natural. I have seen Mme. Nazimova. She is interesting and earnest. I have seen Miss Barrymore, too."

"And of Miss Barrymore?"

Miss Reicher weighed carefully her new and admirable English. "She knows her audience well. She is intimate. She has humor."

Her hands were clasped again, more tightly than at any other point in our hour's chat. Her face flamed with enthusiasm.

"Some of the productions on the American stage are truly remarkable. Yesterday I saw 'The Easiest Way.' What wonderful detail! Belasco is a genius. Then I saw 'The Third Degree,' so admirably staged by Henry B. Harris. Well I could appreciate the pains taken in rehearsing these plays. It will be a novelty to me to spend four weeks in rehearsals of one part, after having had two seasons of never more than four rehearsals for a play."



Brady, N. Y.

HEDWIG REICHER

Her last rôle, Salome, is one of her favorites. "Salome was not bad. She was oriental. She was between the states of a girl and a wife, always a dangerous time. Then a girl is made by whatever she meets. If it be bad, her future is bad. If good, then her future will be all good. John the Baptist happened to cross Salome's path. He scorned her. He told her she was bad. She was a princess, and not used to hearing this. No, no. She was not bad. She was an oriental, and young, which explains it all."

Her art ideals, the beautiful young enthusiast summed up in this: "I believe in personality. We must have it on the stage. But when I am playing a rôle, I say 'Down' to it as I would to my dog. It is the character I want people to remember on the stage, not me. My personality must be my slave."

The Actor as a Benefactor

NEVER have I known an actor who talked to me of his work who did not lament that it was of a passing nature. He says bitterly: "The painter puts his work on canvas and it endures, the author writes a book and it lives long after him. But an actor may create a character as finished as the painting or the book, and it is as though he had written his name in water."

It is the plaint of the player that he works in a perishable medium. He would carve in marble, and he merely makes his

impression for a moment upon the human heart and mind. I name first the heart, because the actor's art appeals more to feeling than to intellect. He is an orator plus character-costume, and the accessories of a stage setting. His province is to sway the feelings of his audience, in which he is one with the orator. Out of the eddy of emotions floats some debris of thought, of revelation, of purpose or resolution. It is these which make his art a lasting one. The orator does no more, but the orator does not complain that the impression he makes is a transitory one. Indeed, he is of quite the opposite impression. Especially if he be a political orator, and has reason to be convinced that he has proselyted some voters to his own views.

Yet there is another aspect of the subject of the actor's usefulness to mankind, aside from his prime function of entertainment. He educates. He is the schoolmaster to the great mass of Americans who never read anything other than newspapers. A scrap of philosophy, a bit of history, a fragment of art or literary criticism, a line of ethics or a stanza of poetry, any or all of these the actor at some time flings out to the folk in front—the busy folk who do not read books, chiefly because they have no time apart from their livelihood getting, yet who are eager for knowledge, and who seize and make their own these bits, fitting them into the mosaic of their diversified fund of information.

The actor's art, whatever its other rewards, has also the enduring quality of inspiration. Some years ago this writer saw the then favorite and afterwards most unfortunate Georgie Cayvan in "The Charity Ball." The lesson of that play, the wonderful lesson of judging only by broad standards, if at all, was one well learned. Miss Cayvan taught it to me, taught it by her comedy, by her serious scenes, by some deep emotional notes in the play. The actress is now dead, but her name always suggests "The Charity Ball," and the lesson this play taught.

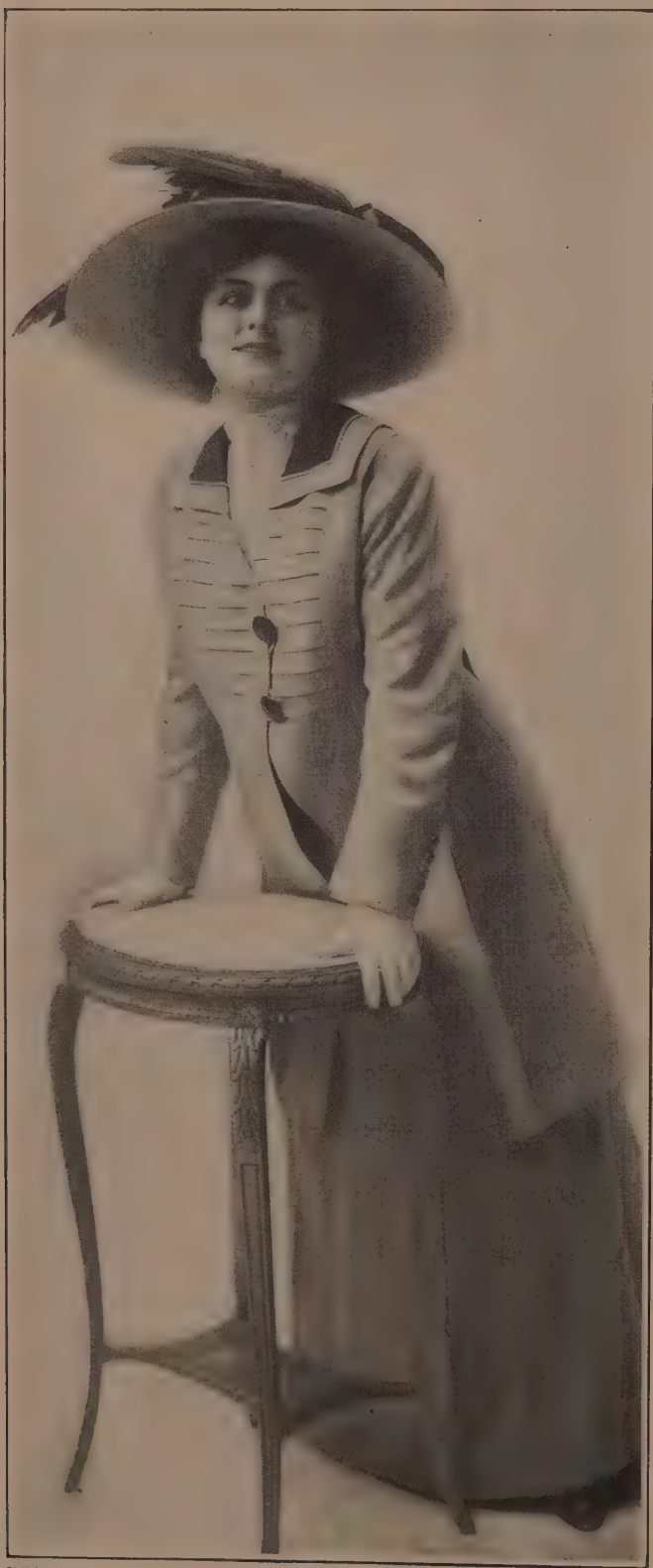
An actress who has passed from brilliancy into oblivion told me that the crown of her career was a letter she received while she was playing "Frou Frou." A man who had been in the audience the night before wrote her that he was taking the train to bring home his wife, a wife whom he had repudiated for such a fault as Frou Frou's.

"Your playing convinced me that she was more weak than wicked, more sinned against than sinning, and I am going to bring her home," he said.

How Georgie Lawrence, unctuous comedienne, saved a stranger from suicide, is a story often repeated where actors are gathered together. Miss Lawrence, when asked about it, flares the signal of embarrassment in her cheeks, and says: "I don't know how I did it. I just played my part. That was all. The man told Ada Lewis. That is all I know."

The story "the man told Ada Lewis" was this: "I had been caught in the panic. In a day or two more I wouldn't have a dollar. My health had been undermined by the strain of Wall Street. I knew I could begin over again, but it didn't seem worth while. I had no incentive. I had made up my mind to end it all. But I knew there was no hurry about it, and I drifted out of my hotel and went to a theatre. It was the first playhouse I came to. I don't even know the name of the play. I bought a ticket and went in. My seat was in the back row.

"I didn't pay much attention to the play. I couldn't drag my mind away from my troubles—not until that girl came out. Then I began to be interested. It wasn't that she was young or good looking. It was just a way of hers. She seemed so brave and out from the shoulder. She had a cheery way of tossing up her head and making the best of it, whatever it was. I couldn't tell you a thing she said nor anything she did. It was her way. I saw she had grit, and said to myself: 'If a girl's got it a man should have it, too.' I went home in a different mood. I slept well for the first time in a week. The next morning I felt refreshed and decided to put it off. I went to work, and you see I've never done it."



White

FLORENCE LESTER
Seen recently in "The Conflict" at the Garden Theatre

Scenes in "The Writing on the Wall" at the Savoy



Barbara Lawrence (Olga Nethersole) Irving Lawrence (William Morris) Lincoln Schuyler (Robert T. Haines)
Act I. Barbara learns for the first time the truth about the tenements



Barbara (Olga Nethersole) Harry (Albert Hackett)
Act I. Barbara Lawrence with her son



Irving Lawrence (William Morris) Barbara (Olga Nethersole)
Act, IV. Lawrence declares he gave the order for the fire escapes

Miss Lawrence had inspired the man with courage.

The late Joseph Jefferson lives on in his Rip Van Winkle toast: "Here's to you and your family. May you live long und prosper." Since his passing I have seen the quaint, lovable figure and the gentle old face pictured in the posture of that toast in a hundred homes, and owners of the homes and the pictures have pointed between smiles and tears to the lines, "Here's to you and your family." And always there has followed the exclamation: "Dear old Joe Jefferson."

He had inspired his audience with his own and his character's love of humankind.

Whoever lives on the stage, for the brief three hours of a play, daily a high, noble, selfless life, inspires his audience in some de-

Wife" preaches trumpet loud against the suggestion of uncommitted sin by gossip, and "The Battle" is a presentation of the best arguments in the controversy between labor and capital. In a curtain speech Wilton Lackaye said for "The Battle": "I am glad that by your applause you admit that it fulfils the first function of a play, to entertain, but you will have noticed that it also contains a subcutaneous injection of thought."

If a player entertains and gives at the same time this subcutaneous injection stirring to mental processes, his art is a long-lived one. For the picture may be burned and the volume devoured by the worms that prey between book bindings, but a thought is transmissible, imperishable, everlasting.

The actor possesses not only kinship with the orator, but with



Dinner given recently by "The Blue Mouse" company at the Hotel Monico, New York. Prominent among the guests are Mabel Barrison, Harry Conor, Jameson Lee Finney, Jane Laurel, Alfred Hickman, John Emerson, Lucille Laverne, Elizabeth Arriaus, A. Toxen Worm, Zelda Sears, J. W. Jacobs, Franklin Hurley, H. Whitman Bennett, Robert Robertson and Sol. Manheimer

gree to live the same sort of life. The efforts to imitate may be feeble. They may fail. But the actor has done his work of inspiration. The parts N. C. Goodwin used to play have sown a crop of simple heroes all about the country.

It has been the fortune of this writer to watch the career of Mabel Taliaferro as a child and a young woman, and it was my fancy to ask her—the year she was graduated from child parts, and the title that James A. Herne bestowed upon her, "The greatest child actress in the world," slipped off the train of her first long dress worn when she became a leading woman to William Collier—whether stage work seemed different to her since she had suddenly become a grown-up actress.

"Yes," she answered with sweet thoughtfulness. "I notice it most of all in my lines. I used to speak them without much thought of the meaning. Now if I have a line that has some fine, high meaning, I wonder whether it will make some person out front feel that he wants to be better and to live more nobly than he ever has."

"The Easiest Way" should make any girl stop and think before she enters upon what is really the hardest way. "The Devil" inspired one to a fear of the subtle methods of that in us which is typified by the prince of evil. "Salvation Nell" teaches us that a lily's root may have grown in the gutter. "The World and His

the surgeon. He performs that difficult surgical operation known as "taking one out of one's self." A difficult feat, but one's self is always better for the operation.

The tragedian shows the poor self-centered atom in front that there are bigger and harder problems than his petty ones, and in following the actor's solution of them, he leaves behind his own tiny husk.

The comedian makes us laugh when we think we should be crying. A good laugh clears the mental atmosphere. Every person contemplating suicide should first go to the best comedy in town. The chances are great that laughing at the troubles that have made the comedy he will laugh at his own. And no suicide dies laughing.

The actor of one sort provides rest for tired brains. The actor of another kind stimulates the brain to better efforts. And each of them at some time has portrayed a character or spoken a line that has provided a new pattern of life where one was sorely needed.

The actor not only rests and amuses us, turns the thoughts from a worn and fretted into a new channel. He stimulates, uplifts and inspires us. By his faculty of inspiration he deserves the title of humanitarian. He is a public benefactor, because by his art he is able to take us out of ourselves. ADA PATTERSON.

"La Furie" at the Comédie Française

A NEW classic drama of great merit is now being interpreted at the Comédie Française. It is "La Furie" by Jules Bois, and represents a formidable amount of thoughtful talent, not only on the part of the author, but also on the part of all concerned; for this tragedy of mystery, love and death is enacted with a sincere eloquence and a conscientious respect of traditions, to which such artists as Paul Mounet, Albert Lambert, Madame Segond-Weber and Madeleine Roch, unite their individual qualities. In consequence of which a modern audience sits, if not spell-bound, uncomplainingly docile through five acts containing over three thousand verses.

It is impossible in this brief space to give an adequate idea of the gigantic undertaking with which Mr. Jules Bois was inspired.

In *Comœdia* the author tells how he came to write the tragedy:

"I was in Egypt, roaming through the tortuous labyrinths of the Great Pyramid. I had been reading an English book on the antique mysteries of the temples which lay under the Sphinx. One night I found asleep, her head resting against the flank of the Sphinx, a young fellah girl, brown and beautiful, her head encircled with lotus flowers. She looked like a young priestess who had survived the antique cults. How charming she looked, deep in slumber, her breasts and legs bare, her ankles encircled with glittering bracelets! I was unfortunate enough to awaken her. Immediately she was convulsed by extraordinary anger, in which mingled fear and hate of the foreigner. She uttered all the words of malediction that her guttural tongue contained, and she made gestures of hatred. Then she fled towards the Nile, paling in the moonlight. In a charming child I had seen spring into flame the terrible powers that lay dormant in an irritated woman. I saw the living Fury. And when I went back to Mena-Honoe, where I lived near the Sphinx, I wrote the first lines of Mme. Weber's rôle."

Fundamentally, M. Bois has held to the

principles of the ancient Greeks, but his work lacks their grand simplicity; there is in it an excess of events, of developments, of intentions and perhaps of ambition. Thebes is invaded by the army of the usurper Lykas, who is in love with Mégara, wife of Herakles the King; the latter, not content with his earthly conquests, is away on an expedition to conquer the nether-world, and

returns only in time to save the queen, who, rather than prove faithless to him, is about to be burned by Lykos with her three sons. After killing the intruder, Herakles proclaims a new doctrine of Reason, without dogma or priests, without blood or sacrifice, to whose joys he wishes to initiate his people. The high priest infuriated, influences Lyssa against him. "Lyssa," or "La Furie," is a strange half-human, half-supernatural creature, who has followed Herakles from the underground temples of Memphis. She loves him, but is obedient to the priests, whose pupil and slave she is. Commanded by them, she suggests to him that his faithful Mégara has been untrue, and that her sons resemble Lykos. Already torn between his passion for "Lyssa" and his tenderness for Mégara, this new doubt maddens him, and in prey to "The Fury's" fateful counsel he kills his wife and children, then hurls himself into space. So it is that Herakles, having surpassed the natural limits of love and mystery, falls lower than the beasts. This argument might have been more clearly enforced by a less involved exponent, though hardly by one more scholarly. H.H.McC.



Bert, Paris

MME. SEGOND-WEBER AS THE FURY



Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

FRANK WORTHING, WHO IS NOW SUPPORTING GRACE GEORGE IN "A WOMAN'S WAY"

An Actor Who Couldn't Be a Surgeon

HIS family designed the lad's future after its own preferences. "Our laddie Frank shall join the clergy," said the members of the family. But the lad told them it was quite impossible, that he had not the slightest bent toward the pulpit, that he would not for a moment consider the profession of the preacher. Reluctantly, and with serious misgivings as to his soul's salvation, the good Edinburgh parents abandoned the plan and suggested medicine, the most profitable branch of medicine, surgery.

In this plan the boy concurred. At eighteen he was one of the medical students in the University of Edinburgh. "But I quit," he said, an expression of disgust and horror overspreading the sensitive Worthing features. "I couldn't stand their throwing an arm or a leg at me when we were in a dissecting room." The medical course lasted but three months. It ceased abruptly after the first fusillade of the ghastly missiles aimed by the old students at the new one.

"I always flunk, and I'm not ashamed of it," stoutly maintained Mr. Worthing, "at the sight or suggestion of suffering. I visited the slaughter yards in Chicago once, because it is the thing to see there as it is to see Niagara Falls or Yellowstone Park or the Yosemite Valley when you're in their neighborhood. I left before the throat cutting began. I couldn't stand it. I can see the eyes of those animals yet. I thought George Tyler and the rest of the party would chaff me about it, but they didn't. They were sorry they hadn't done the same. I never could bear to look upon suffering. Miss Starr went to the Night Court, I understand. She is a brave girl. I couldn't have stood it."

His humaneness is one of the qualities that has made Frank Worthing a most beloved actor among his fellows. It is one of the sum of attributes they ascribed to him, counting his lovable traits as beads upon the rosary of friendship, when two years ago Frank Worthing left the stage with little hope of returning to it. Death, the sternest of stage managers, had arranged the "business" for him, the piteous final "business" of a last exit. And tender words were spoken of the man who cared nothing for the outcome because he had no longer strength to care.

"How does life look to a man who has been as close to death as that?"

"It looks different. There can be no question of that—very different." Mr. Worthing looked reflectively into the red flames of the fireplace in his sunny bachelor quarters, as he went on: "The things that he had thought were very big he sees are, after all, very small. Little trials that irritated him he pays no attention to. Nothing, whether big or little, matters so much as it did before. If he doesn't die his animosities do. He loves his friends more and hates his enemies less. It is hard to hate anybody.

"Such an illness is a great softener and a great leveler. For instance, I was to have starred this season. But instead I was cast as leading man for Miss George in 'A Woman's Way.' Before my illness I suppose I would have fumed and fretted about the delay. Now I feel that it matters very little."

He glanced at the newspapers on his reading table, with headlines proclaiming the abject failure of a play. "I am particularly resigned," he said, "because it was that play in which I would have starred."

Frank Worthing has a lean, strong jaw, and an air of authority. His friends call him "The Stubborn Scott." Yet he has often been cast for vacillating, pusillanimous characters. How was it that a strong man knew so well how to portray a weak one?

"I have known a great many of them," he answered, "particularly among the class of the idle rich. For instance, the character in 'The Climbers' was a victim of the opium habit. I knew such a man. He was my friend, and I had every opportunity to study the effect of the drug upon him. And this chap I am playing in 'A Woman's Way' was merely weak, not wicked."

"Is wickedness only weakness, then?"

"Oh, no. In 'The Cavalier' I played a wicked character. The man was utterly worthless, wholly vicious. But in 'Divorçons' and in 'A Woman's Way' they were merely weak. This chap in 'A Woman's Way,' whom I have tried to make young by dyeing my hair, had not progressed far in his flirtation. He had simply taken a girl out in an automobile. That was all. His wife didn't care for motoring."



WILLIAM ROCK AND MAUD FULTON IN "THE CANDY SHOP" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

"Do you think as an editorial writer on one of the newspapers said, 'One is sure that the fellow isn't worth saving, that as soon as he has a chance the offense will be repeated?'"

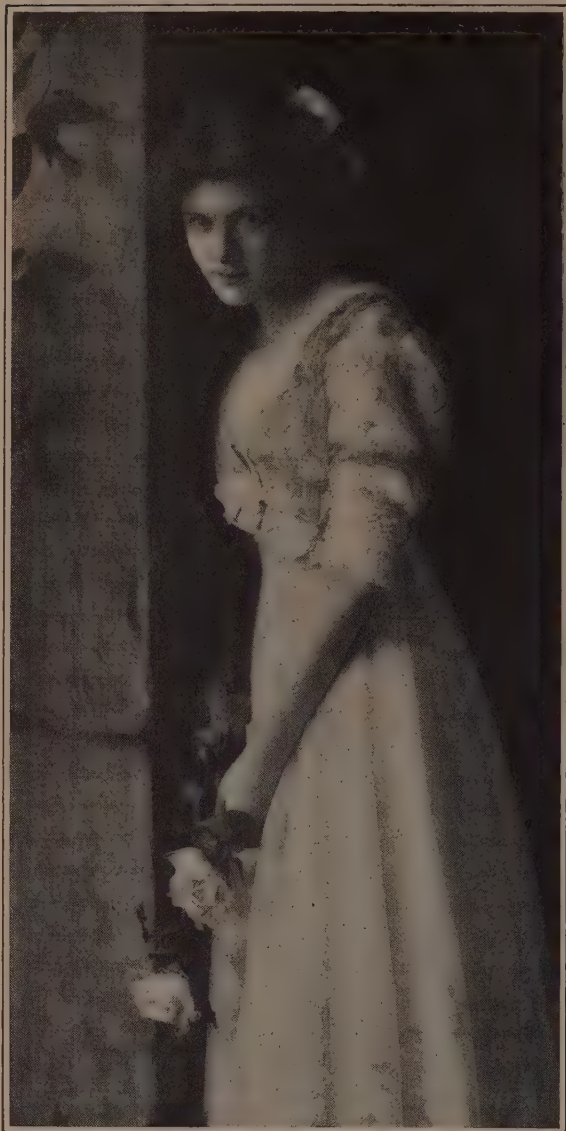
"I don't agree with him. He had had his lesson. The humiliation and disillusionment of finding that every man at the dinner table had had a flirtation of some grade with the woman, and that he was the only one who was serious, would remain always with him."

I hazarded a guess as to which scene was the hardest in the play. It was when the erring young husband, faced by his wife and his enchantress, under a volley of sarcasm from each, tried to "explain." How Mr. Worthing's elbows played a tattoo upon his ribs, and how he grinned foolishly, then laughed in half feminine hysteria, and walked waveringly from the room, everyone who has seen the play will long remember.

"It was hard," he answered. "What could he say? What could he do? The women outwitted him. He could do nothing but hesitate foolishly and leave the room, which he does with more precipitation than dignity."

No other young actor has been leading man for so many stars as has Frank Worthing. Few white-haired, tottering men may pass so brilliant a galaxy in review. It began with Mrs. Bandman Palmer, to whose Juliet he played Romeo, and to whose Marie Stuart he was the Earl of Leicester. He was leading man for Mrs. Langtry, playing Orlando to her Rosalind, and Antony to her Cleopatra in England. He was Sir Charles Wyndham's leading man at the Criterion Theatre in many comedies. At the Shaftesbury he was Mrs. Pat Campbell's leading man in a production of "As You Like It." He supported Miss Olga Nethersole in "The Transgressor," and came to this country with the expectation of continuing as her leading man, but that august arbiter of so many dramatic destinies, Augustin Daly, willed otherwise.

"I want you for Miss Rehan's leading man," he said. Mr. Worthing remained with Miss Rehan for two seasons, playing the leading male rôle in "The Railroad of Love" and "Love On Crutches." He joined next the Frawley stock company in San Francisco while Miss Maxine Elliott was one of its chief lodes of attraction. Miss Grace George enlisted him next for "Her Majesty." He supported Miss Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers," and Miss Julia Marlowe in "Queen Fiametta," "The Cavalier" and "Fools of Nature"; Miss Annie Russell in "Catherine"; Miss Blanche Bates in "The Chil-



Bangs

RENEE KELLEY

Recently seen as Kitty Keating in "The Chaperon"



KAREN NIELSEN

Playing Mme. des Aretins in "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

dren of the Ghetto" and "Naughty Anthony"; Ellis Jeffries in "The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt," Miss Margaret Anglin in "Zira," and "The Eternal Feminine." Back to Mrs. Campbell he went next in "The Whirlwind," an English production, then to Miss George in "Divorçons" and "Clothes." At the two extremes of this remarkable gamut stand Mrs. Campbell and Miss George.

"Miss George is delightful to act with," said this leading man of many experiences. "She is agreeable and adaptable. She is resourceful, and can cover any little contretemps. If I cough or sneeze unexpectedly I am not distressed about it, for I know it won't put her out. Mrs. Campbell was quite the other way. She plays by rule. There must be no variation. Miss Julia Marlowe is like Miss George. No little variation nor accident upsets her. She is charitable as she expects charity. Once in the 'Cavalier' I spoke a line to her in which she nearly broke me up. The line was 'Don't stand there grinning.' But just as I had spoken the word 'Don't' she realized that she was tired and sat down. I read the line 'Don't sit there grinning.' Had I sat down because I was tired, she would have excused me. Miss Margaret Anglin is an inspiring star. She is so high in every respect. Everything about her is high, her aims and ambitions, and standards and character. Miss Bates is delightful, so spontaneous and natural. Miss Annie Russell keeps everything within herself. She is most reserved."

"What is the ideal condition in regard to one's star?"

"There must be sympathy of aims to produce the best results.

There ought to be a friendly relation. For instance, if Miss George were to be vexed I should say, 'Come, don't be angry with me. This evening I shall have to take you in my arms and kiss you. That will be hard to do if I know you are angry with me.' Yet in one sense there is something entirely detached about stage embraces. It is part of the business of the evening. It is impersonal. I have made love to stars for nearly twenty years, but I never had a love affair with one of them."

Mr. Worthing is a bachelor. Why that state he scarcely knows himself. He considers it regrettable, but he sees no immediate hope for a change of the state.

Since at eighteen he forsook surgery, and Walter Hatton, director of the Royal Theatre at Edinburgh, secured for him a chance as prompter and player of small parts in a company at South Shields, a manufacturing town, at fifteen shillings a week, then went to Margate, where he joined Sarah Thorne's company beginning as a prompt boy, and eighteen months later finishing as her leading man. A. P.



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Photos by White, N. Y.

1. Ray Gilmore 2. Mabel Snyder

3. Dorothy Follis 4. Marion Whitney

FOUR AMERICAN BEAUTIES WHO ARE NOW APPEARING IN "MISS INNOCENCE" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

The Golden Book of Jules Massenet

VICTOR HUGO had his *livre d'or*—a splendid volume de luxe—dedicated to the poet's glory. Now comes the golden book of a musician famous the whole world over—Jules Massenet. Inscribed simply "Massenet"* between artistically



Massenet at 19

designed covers, the work forms a massive superb publication, large quarto of four hundred pages, printed in large type on heavy coated paper and containing nearly two hundred portraits and illustrations.

Louis Schneider, in his introduction, says: "There is nobody who does not know the name of Massenet. There is nobody who has not seen a performance of 'Manon.' The master's vocal works are not less widely spread. Very few musicians possess such extraordinary popularity. That is because Massenet has created a very characteristic form of music. It is as easily recognized as one recognizes the writing of a friend on the envelope of

a letter. This musical form, during the whole of the first period of Massenet's career, was the standard of the young school tendencies. Later the younger composers began to write Massenet, but the best Massenet is doubtless written by the Master himself."

Massenet comes of good parentage and inherited his talent from his mother. He was born at Montaud, a village near Saint Etienne, in the department of the Loir, in 1842. His father, who was formerly an officer under Napoleon, left the army to become a manufacturer of steel scythes. His grandfather was a professor of history at the faculty of Strasburg. His father married twice, Jules being the son of the second wife, a Mlle. Marancourt, and protégée of the Duchess of Angoulême. Mlle. Marancourt had much talent for the piano, and before she married M. Massenet used it for a livelihood. None of the children of the first marriage showed any artistic talent, so it is more than probable that the composer's gifts were inherited from his mother, while from his father he inherited a sense of punctuality and business ability. The composer himself once said in an interview: "I was born to the sound of heavy hammers." He was literally rocked by the rhythm of hammers striking on steel, but it also had its influence on the composer's brain, for it gave him the faculty to think musically amid noise and agitation in places which would appear most unfavorable to composition.

The family removed to Paris

in 1848, and at the age of ten Jules presented himself at the Conservatoire. He was received unanimously, after an astonishing execution of the finale of Beethoven's "Opus 19." His father's health failed and the family had to leave Paris, leaving Jules alone

to pursue his studies. At this time he was very poor. His father gave him no allowance, and as he did not wish to be a burden to his aunt with whom he lived, he secured an engagement to play the triangle in the orchestra of the Gymnase Theatre, receiving for this service the magnificent stipend of 7 francs 50 at the end of each week. In 1862 he carried off the Prix de Rome, which made his way easier. He went to Rome and took up his studies at the Villa Medici, and in 1866 he was married to Mlle. Saint-Marie against the wishes of his parents. Not having the means to support a family, he again found himself in straitened circumstances, and was compelled to give lessons. He also accepted engagements to give

THE NATIONAL DE L'OPERA-COMIQUE
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M^{lle} MARGUERITE CARRÉ **M. ED. CLÉMENT**
M. FUGÈRE **M. DELVOYE**

500^e

MANON

Opéra-Comique en 3 actes et 8 tableaux, de MM. HENRI MEilhac et PHILIPPE GILÉ
Musique de **JULES MASSENET**

M^{lle} MARGUERITE CARRÉ **M. ED. CLÉMENT**
M^{lle} CARRÉ, M^{lle} DELVOYE, M. DUTILLOU, M. GOURDON
M^{lle} RACHEL LAUNAY, M^{lle} A. COSTÉS, M^{lle} DUMESNIL
M. TROY, M. BRUN, M. DELAHAYE, M. ELAI, M. LEBLANC

LE BALLET DU ROY
Ballet sur M^{lle} MARQUITA
Dirigé par M^{lle} S. DOQUE, M^{lle} LUPARLA et le Corps de Ballet
L'Orchestre sera dirigé par **M. A. LUIGINI**

Départ Samedi 14, Mardi 17 Janvier, à 8 h. 1/2
Représentation de M. BUNAU — ED. WAINMAN PARTONCE
M^{lle} C. FUGÈRE, M^{lle} S. COSTÉS, M^{lle} L. BEYLE, M^{lle} VIEILLE, M^{lle} CAZENOVE
M^{lle} TROY, M^{lle} BRUN, M^{lle} DELAHAYE, M^{lle} ELAI, M^{lle} LEBLANC

RATÉE A 11 H. 1/2 — **SOUS** à 8 h. 1/2. **MIDELLE**
LUNDI 16 Janvier. SPECTACLE POPULAIRE. **PRIN REDDITS** (com. Gaumont). **LARME**
La Location est ouverte rue Richelieu, de 11 h. du matin à 7 h. du soir. — Téléphone 345-79 à partir de midi

Poster announcing the 500th performance of "Manon"

concerts in watering places, and in the winter resumed his place in the orchestra of Paris theatres.

"Massenet lived at this time just outside Paris. He had gone to hide his happiness in the country, where he lived surrounded by the affection of his wife and his mother-in-law. It was about this time, too, that the young musician came under the direct influence of the poet, Armand Silvestre, and his first compositions were inspired by Silvestre's poetry.

"Massenet now began to make himself known with his first work 'La Grand Tante,' a piece in one act, which the Opéra Comique performed in 1867. A few weeks later came the *Première Suite pour Orchestre*, which Padeloup gave at the Popular Concerts. Then work followed work until at last came fame and honors. The Legion of Honor was awarded to him in 1876, and in 1878 he was elected member of the Institute and became professor of composition at the Conservatoire."

As is well known, the Prix de Rome gives successful candidates the privilege of going to Rome at the expense of the



JULES MASSENET

*"Massenet," by Louis Schneider, Paris, L. Carteret.

French government to complete their studies surrounded by all the atmosphere and inspiration of old world art.

"Candidates," says M. Schneider, "are given a subject and then locked up, and for a time they are prisoners rather than musicians. A Parisian journalist found in one of the attics of the Institute traces of the two competitions in which Massenet took part, and he tells about it in these words:

"In 1862 the subject of the Cantata, upon which Massenet was to exercise his inspiration, was a poem entitled 'Louise de Mezières.' It is probable that the theme lent itself to parody, for I read on the walls 'Heloise la Mercière,' and underneath the most extravagant drawings worthy of a Caran d'Ache. The young composer entered his cell May 17th in the morning. The three first days 'Louise de Mezières' aroused nothing in his imagination. These words I found written with a discouraged pencil: 'Nothing—absolutely nothing. Still nothing!'

"On May 23d appeared another inscription, 'Impotent. I finished my duet. I have begun my *cantabile* three times.'

"The following days came a breath of inspiration. Massenet jotted down one after the other the duet, the trio, the air of the baritone, the final *ensemble*.

"On the second of June is written on the walls 'I am still pegging away. I am beginning again the introduction.'

"Finally on June 10th I saw scribbled in big capitals 'Got away at eleven o'clock in the morning.'

"The following year, 1863, he was shut up on May 16th at four o'clock in the afternoon. The subject of the cantata this time was 'David Rizzio.' Massenet was always irreverent. This is what he wrote on the new theme: 'When did David Rizzio most resemble a kettle with a hole in it? See the answer above the door.' Answer: 'At the end of the duet when he says "I flee".'

"As in the preceding year, Jules Massenet at the beginning was not himself. On May 16th he wrote 'I am ill.' On May 17th he wrote 'Nothing. I am still ill. H—ll.'

"Massenet to-day is one of the most amiable men one could wish to meet. No one comes away from an interview with him without being

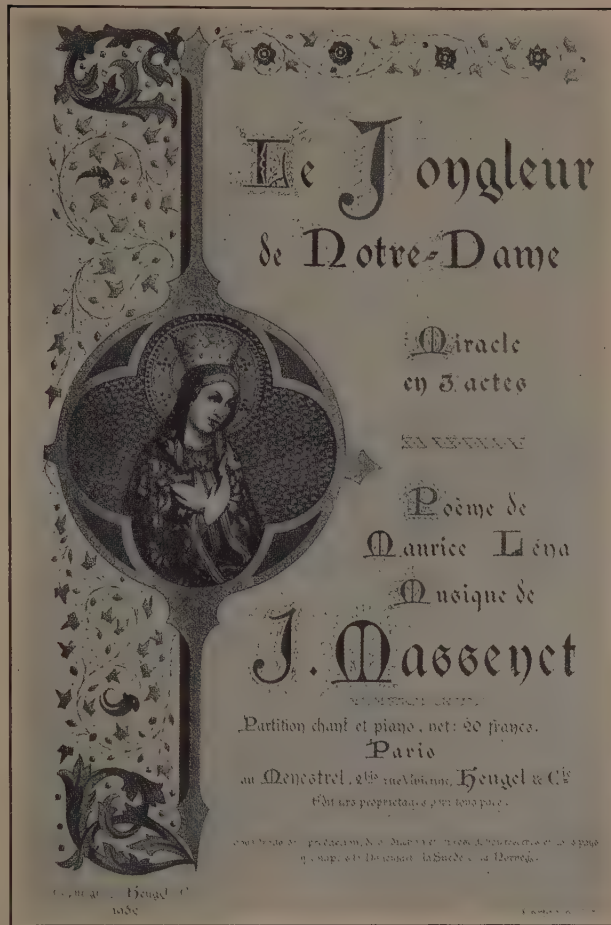
charmed by his extreme affability. Always smiling, he does his utmost to be of service to his guests, and he has a pleasant word for everybody. He is not known to have an enemy. A thorough business man, he never leaves a letter remain without a reply. With a man as successful as Massenet, one secretary scarcely suffices to satisfy all his importunate correspondents, yet he manages to displease no one. Managers wishing to enter into negotiations with him, singers asking for appointments so he may hear the way in which they interpret his works, artists anxious to be recommended for an engagement, poets desirous to submit their naked verses that he may condescend to drape them with music, reporters in quest of articles—all these people receive their replies. If Massenet has one *bête noir* it is criticism. He is very sensitive to criticism—criticism of the press, the criticism of his friends, even the criticism of the crowd. He is mortally afraid of it. Directly the day draws near for a public rehearsal of one of his works he flees from Paris, irritated and in bad humor. Some pretend that this is a species of vanity, but no one who knows the composer one day when he was admiring the composer's prodigious capacity for work:

"I would do still better if you were not all here!"

M. Schneider goes on to say:

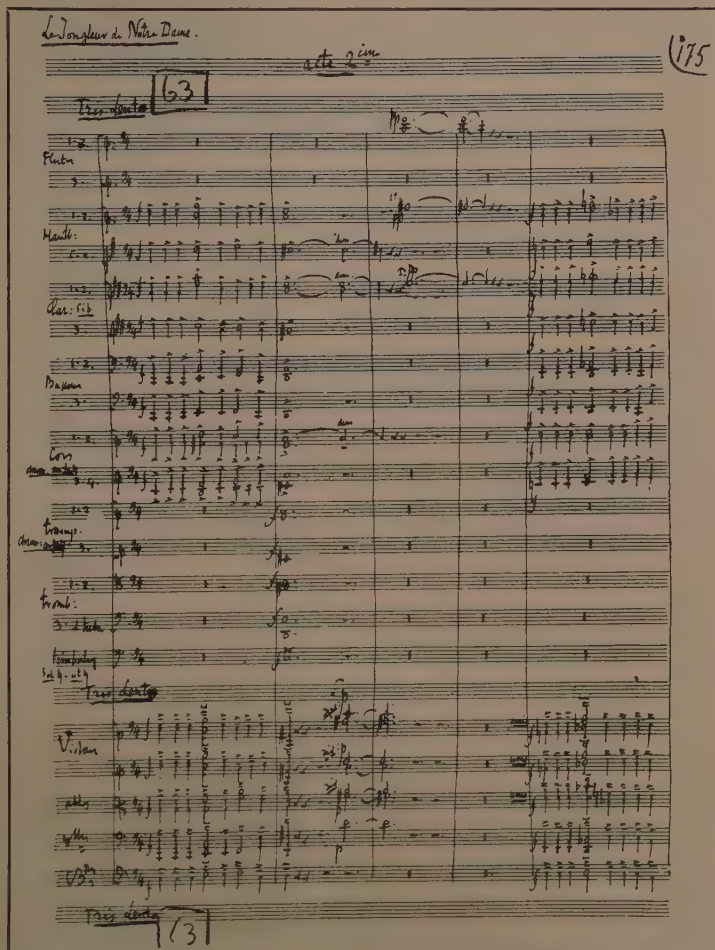
"This being on whom life particularly smiles, who was able to marry the woman of his choice, who was decorated at 34, elected member of the Institute two years later, acclaimed by the public, petted, made much of by everybody, does not believe himself perfectly happy. His glory makes him uneasy. He loves the work of to-morrow more than the work of yesterday. He cherishes it precisely because it will need more defending than the older work, and then as the instant of the battle approaches Massenet is no longer a prey to timidity, but to fear, horrible fear. For the two weeks preceding a *première* he is literally beside himself, and the Master who would not tolerate the fault in any of his interpreters, has a tremulous voice when he talks."

X. Y. Z.



Illuminated cover for the score of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"

well is of that opinion. It is really timidity," adds M. Schneider, and as proof of this, he quotes a reply made to him by Massenet



Manuscript of the score of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"

The Composer of "Madama Butterfly" at Home

GIACOMO PUCCINI, the distinguished composer of "Madama Butterfly," has completed his new opera, the libretto of which is taken from Belasco's play "The Girl of the Golden West." The work will be given another name, and the composer himself says: "It will be an opera full of violences and excitements, the passion at times rising to the greatest heights."

A writer in the London *Tatler* gives this interesting glimpse into the home life of the celebrated Italian composer: "On the borders of the Lac de Massacuiccoli, in the midst of great lonely woods, surrounded by a country beautiful with all the luxuriant loveliness of uncultivated nature, the utter solitude of which is known only to hunters and a few—a very few—enterprising travelers, Puccini has built himself a retreat. He has constructed it entirely after his own plans and called it appropriately enough Torre del Lago. Here, far from the madding crowd, those exquisite operas which are known all over the world are created, and here in the midst of this beautiful savage country Puccini passes the happiest and most fruitful hours of his life. In appearance the Torre del Lago is simple enough, yet in the whiteness of its marble walls, bathed in an Italian sunlight and surrounded by pine-covered hills showing dark against an Italian sky, this very simplicity is singularly impressive. The interior, however, is the antithesis of plainness. On all sides it is evident that the one object of the celebrated owner has been to render everything as gay and comfortable as possible. Being a great believer in the benefits of sunlight every room in the house is large and airy, while the furniture and decorations are luxurious and beautiful. By far the largest room in the house is the salon situated on the ground floor. It is an immense room with five large windows on one side opening directly out on to the terrace and garden. The room—practically the only sitting room in the house—is alternately dining room, drawing room, and study. It is here that the great composer receives visitors, and it is in this salon he enjoys the company of his friends. In a far corner of the room, divided from the rest of the apartment by carved wooden rails, is a sort of sanctuary where no one is allowed to enter, and in the middle of this—so large that it practically takes up all the available space and crowded with souvenirs and *bibelots*, whose

only value lies in their remembrance—is the desk at which Puccini composes all his works. At the back of this desk is a piano where Puccini plays the music he has just composed, and behind that is an enormous bookcase where dozens of the most valuable works of Italian writers (for Puccini in his leisure hours is a great

bookworm), which have been given him as souvenirs or collected during his many travels, are arranged. Here successively was composed 'Le Villi,' 'Manon Lescaut,' 'La Vie de Bohème,' 'La Tosca,' and last but by no means the least popular, 'Madama Butterfly.'

"One of the principal reasons why Giacomo Puccini decided to build himself a retreat on the borders of the lovely Lac de Massacuiccoli is his intense love of sport. Puccini is a most enthusiastic huntsman and a first-rate shot with a rifle. The country which surrounds Torre del Lago abounds in all sorts of wild game. Some of the rarest and most beautiful land and water birds in Europe are found in great numbers in this unfrequented part of Italy. Until a few years ago Puccini only interested himself in forest game, and bought a large wood near his house, which he closed entirely to the public. Now, however, he prefers water-fowl, and recently has hired the whole of a lake so that he may indulge in this pas-

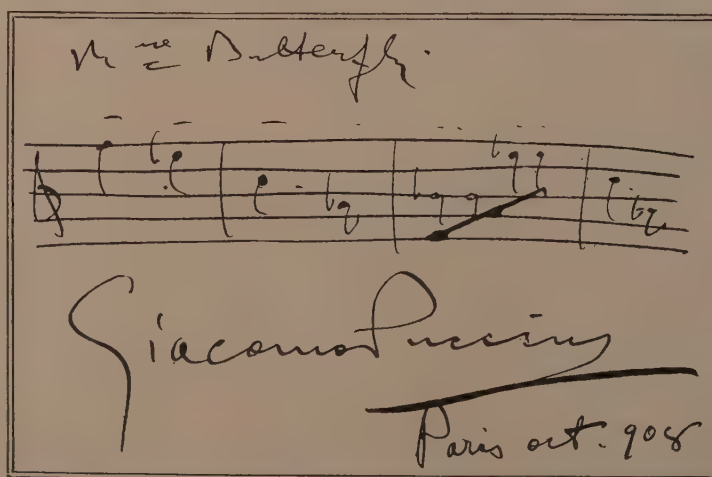
sion of his to the full. Moreover, to be able to enjoy this sport at any hour of the day he has built a wooden summer house in the middle of the lake, in which he has constructed a kind of study where he can work. Here after *déjeuner* at the Torre del Lago the composer arrives in an automobile to work in this miniature island shooting box until late in the evening. As darkness begins to fall he rows himself in a tiny boat on the quiet waters of the lake, watching intently for the great flocks of wild duck that fly homeward across the faintly-illuminated sky at eventide. Then, as the twilight deepens the stillness of evening is rudely broken

by a succession of quick reports from a rifle. After which when the night has fallen he lights a tiny lantern, and with his dog asleep beside him, he slowly rows himself homeward."

Giacomo Puccini was born at Lucca in 1858, and is therefore only 51 years old. He was educated at Milan under Ponchielli. His principal works are "Le Villi," composed in 1884; "Edgar," (1889); "Manon Lescaut" (1893); "La Bohème" (1896), "Tosca" (1899), and "Madama Butterfly."



GIACOMO PUCCINI AT HIS RETREAT TORRE DEL LAGO



PART OF THE SCORE OF "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"



White

Bob Cole as Slim Brown

Rosomond Johnson as Plunk Green

SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE RED MOON" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE

Where Are Our Great Actors?

THAT giant pigeon the dodo, as weak-minded as it was big, did once exist in vast numbers on the Island of Mauritius, although most people who know no more about natural history than is good for them persist in believing that the creature is a "funny paper" joke. Everything helped on its extinction; it was not very prolific, it did not know the art of self-defense; the sailors who visited its home killed it from very wantonness. But to prove that it was once a living species, we have in our museums stuffed skins and dried bones of the dodo, proof that is considered to be good as far as it goes.

When the great actors die they leave not so much evidence of their having been once among us as this silly bird. Tradition and the exaggerated stories of old men alone call up their phantoms. If the race becomes extinct, who will believe that giants once trod our stage?

In his day there were a few who denied to Edwin Booth this quality of greatness—their standard being an earlier and a louder Hamlet. Critics still live who ascribe Henry Irving's success solely to his energy and eccentricity. As it has been always, and probably always shall be—actors without end—the older generation scoffs while the younger applauds.

The voices of the past rolled sonorous indeed, but why by contrast must the existing theatre present the silence of the void? Nature, the glacial period, the wanton sailor and hunter killed off the mastodon and dodo. There are no similar causes to account for the extermination of the actor race, and yet the other day when Coquelin died France admitted sadly that he left no successor. England has shown no actor in Irving's place, while in our country all our

stars are but leading men, or, at the most, stars on probation.

This sad state of things cannot justly be laid to the present-day actors. They are doing the work that the dramatist offers them, and that the public demands. A spark of the divine fire, if they had it, would be quenched by their dramatic food, mostly gruel and water. The ardor and the stress of life are not in the plays they are asked to make alive. To lend these a galvanic existence they must work in over-emphasis and affectation and both stamp comedy as inanity and tragedy as second-rate. A great actor in Charles Lamb's day said that all the great plays had been written. It is doubtful if he would care to add to his yellowed list the plays that have been written since his time.

Nor are the dramatists to blame for the general dulness and insignificance of over-theatrical fare. The few who were suckled in a creed outworn—the classical convention—have done their work and passed on, the others still writing, had the ill luck to be born in a faith which has not yet found its dogmas. All the playwrights are experimenting. What does the public want? Well, what it does *not* want are experiments; it is interested in the "guesses" of none but the greatest.

Latterly, the public has paid its money most willingly to see what it terms the realistic drama—Realism, with a very large R behind, which hides a cynic's grin, is having a temporary flare. But the stage at its best always aspired to be realistic, the drama to be worth while has ever been returning to Nature. When the word is trumpeted it usually means something quite different, and in all the arts, and in all times, *realism* has been another name for ignorance and a standing apology for ineptitude.



Bangs

PHYLLIS SHERWOOD

Seen with William Collier in "The Patriot"



B. Rolston S. C. Potter G. A. Armstrong Frank L. Cunningham L. K. Howe J. F. Thompson Frank L. Cunningham

CHARACTERS IN "THE DUCHESS OF BLUFFSHIRE," PRODUCED BY PRINCETON UNIVERSITY TRIANGLE CLUB

The Princeton boys organize each year a theatrical show, the book and music for which are written by undergraduates. The performance, which scored great success, was given in New York, Washington and Baltimore

"You say your play has literary quality?" a manager once exclaimed, "then take it away; I haven't time to read it."

Few successful plays *are* literature; they were written to be acted, but granted that a play is happily constructed, that it holds also the quality of suspended interest—are a few easy characterizations, a few pale literary flowers going to kill it?

Without great actors, without good plays, what is to become of the stage? Nobody minds because lectures or picture slides take possession of it at odd daylight hours, but when night falls all of us want to see it lighted up with new electricity but the old glamor. Its function is unchanged, thank goodness.

Is that charming looking and sounding word "commercialism"—the reason for all the ills the theatre suffers from? Perhaps not all, but there will scarcely grow up a generation of good actors under the reign of its sibilant consonants. Why should our young

actors who go on and with studied mimicry play the easy rôles of the day—read Shakespeare or refer to the "Bard" in any other terms than solid, up-to-date contempt? If insincerity, bad taste, even violence in acting get "easy money," why should any actor adopt the cult of sincerity, bother about sentiment, style, imaginative quality? Art is cheap—it comes in duty free; an expositor would be a fool to learn what he may never need to practice.

Nevertheless, the actor who does not aspire to be great, but only to be greatly paid, is wrong. Art will revenge herself on the playwright, on the manager, but on the actor most bitterly. The drama is a world of moving and intense creation. Obscured for a period she will emerge and reward greatly the actors who have studied their art seriously—she may even fill up with them the void of great actors,—while to her the other sort, who have gone on practicing easy defects, will be anathema. WILLIS STEELL.



White, N. Y.

DE WITT CLINTON DRAMATIC SOCIETY IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S FARCE "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES"

From left to right—back row: S. E. Darby, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., John S. Peck, N. H. Pinto, Paul Schwager, D. F. Moore, Arthur Hay. From left to right—second row: W. V. Saxe, Howard Craig, Clark Silvernail, Herbert Kranich and Charles B. Duffy. Policeman: J. V. Donegan

The boys of DeWitt Clinton High School made their annual production at Carnegie Lyceum on May 1. The farce was acted with spirit and the parts were well taken, some of the principals, notably Clark Silvernail, displaying ability worthy of the professional stage

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Heinrich Conried Dead

Heinrich Conried, former director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, died at Meran in the Austrian Tyrol on April 27 last following a stroke of paralysis.

Heinrich Conried was born in Bielitz, in the province of Silicia, Austria, in 1855. The family name, it is said, was Cohen. When he was fifteen he was apprenticed to a weaver, but spent his



THE LATE HEINRICH CONRIED

spare time studying plays, appearing in many amateur performances. When he was seventeen he left Bielitz for Vienna, determined to become an actor, and through the influence of a friend obtained a small position at the Burg Theatre. He remained at the playhouse two years, gaining experience in a wide range of parts. Some time after this he originated the title rôle in "Dr. Klaus," a part in which he often appeared after he came to America. In 1878 he was engaged to come to New York to assume the position of stage manager at the Germania Theater.

During his first years in America he acted and sang in New York and the West and finally settled permanently in New York, becoming joint manager with Carl Hermann of the Thalia Theatre. In 1882 Mr. Conried became stage manager of the New York Casino. In 1892 William Steinway put him in charge of the Irving Place Theatre, and under his direction it became the foremost German theatre in this country. When Maurice Grau retired from the Metropolitan Opera House in 1903, Mr. Conried was chosen as his successor. It was believed that his artistic conscientiousness combined with his business ability would help to revive the prestige of the Metropolitan. His first notable production at this house was that of "Parsifal," which was done in spite of vigorous protests from Madame Wagner. Eleven performances of the work were given to receipts exceeding \$200,000. Mr. Conried gave an extra performance of "Parsifal" for his benefit and took in \$20,000. "By his contract with the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company," says the *Sun*, "the impresario received a salary of \$20,000 a year, an annual benefit, a liberal allowance for traveling expenses in summer, said to be \$50 a day, and half the profits. During the five years of his administration, Mr. Conried always drew his \$20,000 salary and about \$20,000 for his benefit, which on one occasion went above that figure. That made his minimum earnings during the five years \$200,000. For the first three years of his management the company made probably sufficient profit to return him \$150,000. In all probability he made during his term of management \$350,000."

It was in the fourth year of Mr. Conried's régime that the impresario began to show signs of weakness. First came the Caruso scandal and then the "Salome" fiasco with the prohibition by the Opera House directors. On top of this came the earthquake in San Francisco with the destruction of valuable scenery and costumes. Worry over all these troubles caused Mr. Conried to break down with nervous prostration.

Mr. Conried did not escape criticism. He talked loudly about art, yet was not always successful in subordinating his own interests to those of the art he professed to serve. The star system, which he threatened to abolish, remained as before, and by an amazingly short-sighted policy he permitted another manager to secure better singers for a rival opera house. He must receive credit, however, for extraordinary energy and for having risen by his own efforts to the most important position in the gift of operatic management. Elaborate funeral services held at the Metropolitan, May 13, attracted a large crowd.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

A. S., San Diego, Cal.—Q.—Are there two operas of "La Bohème," one by Puccini, the other by Leoncavallo? A.—Yes.

W. M., W. R., and Bohemian.—We must decline to give the heights of actors, living or dead. We answer only questions of general interest. As to the requisite height for any one wishing to go on the stage, the average is b. st. Too short or too tall constitutes a drawback, although not necessarily an impossible obstacle.

Mrs. G. H., York, Pa.—For a list of pastoral plays we refer you to Messrs Samuel French, publishers, 22 W. Twenty-second Street, New York.

S. B.—There is no actors' union. Do you mean Actors' Society?

C. T. C.—For information about the books of photographs of Miss Julia Marlowe in her various plays, write to her manager.

A. H.—For sketch of Mme. Nazimova, also the pronunciation of her name, see these columns in a recent number.

A. A. McG.—By consulting the daily papers you will find the names of the different theatrical managers.

E. C. S.—Impossible to answer such questions. "Comparisons are odious."

Anxious Lena.—Consult these columns in back numbers. We have repeatedly told beginners how to try to get a position on the stage.

R. H. Rainer, Ore.—Please give list of recognized magazines devoted entirely to theatrical doings. A.—The THEATRE MAGAZINE (New York), *Comœdia Illustré* (Paris), *Il Palcoscenico* (Milan), *The Stage* (London). Q.—Where may autographed pictures of actresses be purchased? A.—We know of no place. At theatrical bazaars or benefits some are frequently on sale.

H. T.—See answer to "Anxious Lena."

A Constant Reader, Worcester, Mass.—An agent's commission for securing a theatrical engagement is usually paid at the end of either the first or second week of the engagement, according to the agreement made. It is easier for a young man to secure an engagement with a dramatic company than for a young woman, as the supply is not so great. If he "poses as a professional" he will probably be found out. Best admit that he is an amateur.

Dolly S., San Francisco.—I am a girl of five feet ten inches and weigh more than two hundred pounds. Am considered pretty. Am I too large for the stage? A.—You would probably have some difficulty in getting an engagement. It is impossible to answer such a question more definitely.

E. E. P., Memphis, Tenn.—We do not give lists of plays that have failed. Besides, a failure in one city is often a success in another.

W. E. J.—The only way to find out if you can get the right to produce "The Heart of Maryland" with amateurs is to write to Mr. David Belasco.

E. R. W., Pueblo, Colo.—An interview with David Warfield appeared in this magazine for February, 1906. We cannot explain sentences. That is rather the business of a teacher of English, not a theatrical magazine. Three companies of "The Merry Widow" are at present touring the country.

Con., Minneapolis, Minn.—See recent number, this column, for sketch of G. O. M. Cohan. We do not know at what age Joseph S. Howard began to write music.

Q. M., F. C., A. J., Macon, Ga., and others.—We have repeatedly explained how to bring plays to the attention of managers. Recently Messrs. Liebler & Company sent out a printed statement to the effect that a short scenario, preferably of not more than one page, was far more likely to receive immediate attention, and if the idea embodied impressed them favorably the author would be communicated with. They also intimated that those who could not make a scenario of sufficient interest were not likely to be able to write a good play. We commend this suggestion to other querists. As to whether it injures a play to be first published in book form, it seems improbable, especially in view of the many plays made from stories and novels.

J. G. H., Brooklyn.—Apply to a bookseller for a German dictionary.

G. D., Seattle, Wash.—All your questions relative to going on the stage have repeatedly been answered in these columns.

P. McC., Marblehead, Mass.—It is not necessary, but just as well, to copyright a play before submitting it to managers.

Profess.—Miss Anna Held is this season appearing in "Miss Innocence," Miss Elsie Janis in "The Fair Co-Ed." We have heard of no such legal troubles as you mention.

E. E. D., North Adams, Mass.—To secure a position on the vaudeville stage, try for it with any vaudeville manager. They are usually quite anxious to find new talent.

Lady Babbie.—Q.—Is "The Little Minister" a true story? A.—Not to our knowledge. Q.—Where is the Isle of Man? A.—Off the west coast of England. Q.—Are Bertha M. Clay and Charlotte M. Brachme the same person. A.—Not to our knowledge.

J. R. M., Ashbury College, Ottawa.—Q.—Can I obtain from you a copy of Miss W. K. Clifford's play, "Madeleine"? A.—No. Q.—If not, can you tell me by whom it is published? A.—We cannot. We would suggest that you write to Mrs. Clifford through the publishers of her many novels.

F. F., Hoboken.—We know of no book published which gives theatrical rules for stage hands, etc.

J. E. H.—For lists of ragtime music write to any of the large publishers who make a specialty of publishing such pieces, for instance, Messrs. Witmark & Co., H. Von Tilzer, etc.

Ignorance.—Q.—Is David Belasco giving his personal management to any theatre at the present time? A.—To both the Belasco and Stuyvesant theatres in this city.

M. L. Q.—Has Miss Blanche Bates a souvenir book of any of her plays? Write to her manager, Mr. Belasco. Q.—In what play will she be seen next season? A.—Probably again in "The Fighting Hope," which she has been playing all this season in New York.

G. B. Q.—Where can I get souvenir copies of "Way Down East" and of "Peter Pan"? A.—Write to the various managers of these productions.

W. H. M., Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Again we refer to back numbers of this magazine, these columns, for advice to getting on the stage.

C. B., Birmingham, Ala.—See answer to A. J.

E. E. W., Johnston, N. Y.—Q.—Would bad eyes hinder one from becoming a successful actor? A.—Your question is too vague. A deficiency in sight would not

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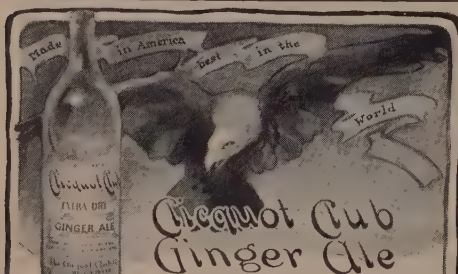
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in itself be a hopeless disqualification. Q.—Is it customary for actors and actresses to furnish their own costumes? A.—In general, outside of comic operas and some musical comedies, it is.

F. A.—Q.—Where can I purchase the biography of Maude Adams? A.—Of Messrs. Meyer Bros., this office. Q.—Is there any store in the United States dealing exclusively in books relating to the stage? A.—We know of none such.

Phila.—Q.—Please tell me the best month in the year to get an engagement as chorus girl in New York? A.—In general we would say early in August, although, as comic operas are often produced late in the season, there are chances after that, even during the winter or in the spring.

T. H. P., Henderson, N. C.—Q.—Please tell me if your magazine at any time treated of the history of the stage, or literature of the stage? A.—Only in connection with our series of articles on Famous Actor Families in America, History of Famous Plays, etc. See also the article "150 Years of the American Stage" in our September, 1902, issue. Q.—Do you know of any books touching on the topics mentioned above? A.—William Dunlap's "History of the American Theatre" is the best known. Col. Brown published recently a three-volume "History of the New York Stage." William Winter has published several books treating of well-known actors and actresses, and there are a number of reference books—The Actress's Birthday Book, The Green Room Book, etc., which give short sketches of living actors and actresses.

C. E. W., Kenosha, Wis.—See answers above. We cannot furnish lists of theatrical agencies.

F. L.—We cannot give you the information you wish. G. B.—We know of no booking agencies in Central Indiana, but in any case, we do not give addresses.

J. S., Fredonia, N. Y.—Q.—What is the limit that would be practicable in the number of scenes that can be shown in one production? A.—The fewer changes of scene in a play the greater recommendation to a manager. As a rule, save in the case of melodramas, there are but few changes. Q.—In Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" there are eight different scenes and twenty-four shifts of scenery were used. How is this play or any of Shakespeare's plays made adaptable to the modern stage, still keeping the action in proper sequence? A.—As now presented, several scenes are usually cut out in any Shakespearean production, others are shifted or made to take place without change of scenery. Any Shakespearean production involves, of necessity, great expense merely in the preparation of scenery.

T. A. B., Dugrain, Ind.—As this is a monthly magazine, and the number of queries received makes it impossible for all to be answered immediately, it is useless to ask when certain people will appear in certain towns. By the time we go to press they have often left the towns mentioned. There are weekly dramatic papers which make a feature of the routes of companies. Consult them.

J. R. M., Milwaukee, Wis.; W. M., Chicago, Ill., and R. B. C.—Inquiries having failed to obtain the name of the music played in "The Jesters," when Miss Maude Adams made her entrance, it was suggested at the Frohman offices that Mr. Gustav Saenger—who could be addressed in their care—could probably give the information required.

R. B. C.—For name of the song sung by Miss Mary Manning in "Glorious Betsy," write to her.

Interested.—Q.—Kindly tell in what play William Farnum will be seen this season? A.—He was playing recently in "Cameo Kirby." Q.—Have you ever published pictures of him? A.—September, 1902. Please give complete casts of all the productions of "Ben Hur." A.—As this play is now in its tenth season, and many different people have been seen in it, this cannot be done. One cast was recently printed in these columns, and others have from time to time appeared.

Curious.—See answer to "Interested." Q.—Are Dustin and Marshall Farnum brothers? A.—They are. Q.—Is Thurston Hall of "Wildfire" related to Laura Nelson Hall? A.—No.

R. E. W. E., Pittsburg.—Q.—Give me a sketch of Wallace Eddinger's career? A.—See article in our April, 1902, issue. Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures of him? A.—Only in April, 1902. Q.—Do you answer questions by mail if the postage is enclosed? A.—No queries answered by mail.

Hart, New Orleans.—Q.—Where may a complete set of illustrations, in book form, of Julia Marlowe and Geraldine Farrar be purchased? A.—We do not know of any such publications. Q.—Where may I purchase post-cards of the above-named artists? A.—At almost any stationer's.

E. M.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Donald Brian? A.—Many. Our colored cover of February, 1902, shows Donald Brian as the Prince in "The Merry Widow." See Meyer Brothers' post-card offer in advertising columns. Q.—Will you interview him? A.—We cannot say. Q.—What will H. B. Warner play this winter? A.—He has been appearing in "The Battle," and next season will be seen, previous to a starring tour, in the comedy "Foreign Exchange."

R. F. E., Kansas City, Mo.—Q.—Please print the cast of Chas. E. Blaney's "The Boy Behind the Gun," as produced about two years ago? A.—At Mr. Blaney's office they had no programs with casts on file. We can only state that in addition to Harry Clay Blaney, his wife, Kitty Wolfe, was the soubrette.

Lillie, Albuquerque.—Q.—Who is Minnie Maddern Fiske's leading man? A.—Holbrook Blinn.

F. C., Chicago.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Fannie Bloomfield-Zeissler, or interviewed her? A.—A portrait of her appeared in our issue of December, 1902. We have not interviewed her. Q.—Have you interviewed Sarah Bernhardt? A.—Yes, in July, 1906. Q.—How can I obtain Sarah Bernhardt's autograph? A.—Either by writing to her personally, or by purchase.

Constant Reader, New York.—Q.—Did Adelaide Keim ever play with E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean plays? A.—The year 1900-01 Miss Keim appeared as the Player Queen in "Hamlet" with E. H. Sothern, and later the same season replaced Virginia Harned as Ophelia.

X. Y. Z.—Q.—Can you name all the plays in which Frances Starr has appeared? A.—After about 5 years spent in different stock companies Frances Starr played her first leading rôle in "Gallops" with Charles Richmond; following this engagement she supported David Warfield in "The Music Master," was next seen as Juanita in "The Rose of the Rancho," and is now starring in "The Easiest Way."

Katfree, Chicago.—Q.—Kindly give a sketch of the stage career of Lena Ashwell. Have you interviewed her? A.—In "The Pharisee" in 1891 Miss Ashwell made her stage debut at Islington. Her first great success was with Henry Irving in "King Arthur." She has also played with Wilson Barrett, with Beerbohm Tree and Sir Charles Wyndham. As Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" she scored a great success. A short time ago Miss Ashwell was seen in this country, when she appeared in "The Shulamite" and a revival of "Mrs. Dane's Defense." We have not published an interview, but short articles on Miss Ashwell appeared in our August and November, 1906, numbers.

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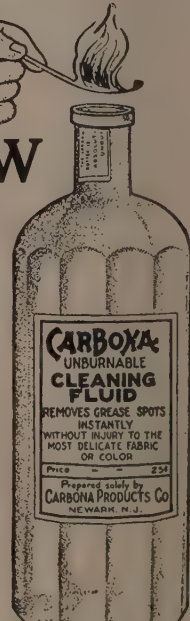
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"No, I am not another Geo. M. Cohan," remarked Robert M. Sperry when the assertion was made to him that he was another Cohan.

Mr. Sperry is a resident of Bridgeport, Conn., and has for the past twelve years distinguished himself in his home town, and incidentally to some extent at least in New York, by writing and producing the annual "closing event" of each season. His productions have run from farce to melodrama, even embracing some pretentious efforts in the line of musical comedy. The remark above quoted was in answer to a statement made during an interview. The young manager went on to say:

"While I have written a dozen plays, selected the cast for each production, superintended the building of the scenery and 'props,' chosen the costumes, staged each play as well as playing the lead—all this has happened fifty-six miles from Broadway, so you see if I were another Cohan



ROBERT M. SPERRY

my plays would have appeared upon the Great White Way, instead of in Bridgeport, Conn. My local reputation is sufficient to fill Smith's Theatre to S. R. O. for twelve consecutive performances each season, but the popularity so gratifying in my home city is faded long before Times Square is reached. My two latest plays, 'The Girl and the Student,' and 'The Girl from Stratford,' played to 25,000 paid admissions a week each, breaking all records of the theatre; this in a city of 100,000 population is not bad.

"My latest play is of the popular musical comedy style, which I have termed 'a musical pipe in two puffs,' entitled 'The Show Girl.' This offering will be presented the week of May 10, presented by a company of 50 people, with special scenery, electrical equipment, and costumes; in fact, as complete and finished a production as though built for a season's run."

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"Because," Mr. Sperry replied, "I have not as yet obtained the key to it, but I hope to some day. Many New York managers witness my plays each year, and say kind words while I am within hearing distance. I always console myself by looking at a package of over one hundred box-office statements, all of which show a handsome profit."

Among the list of plays Mr. Sperry has written and produced in the last twelve years are "Apple Blossoms," "Pine Forest," "A Club Romance," "Cross Lots," "The Politician," "Among Southern Pines," "The Girl from Stratford," and "The Girl and the Student." He has several thousand dollars' worth of scenery, costumes and effects in storage, as he always stages his plays complete, never using a bit of "house stuff." In the casts of his plays are included many such prominent artists as Archie Boyd, Agnes Lvin, Florence Sinnott, Albert Sykes, Robert Gaillard, Seymour A. Rose, Frederick Harris and Bianca West.

When one thinks that Mr. Sperry writes, stages, produces and takes the leading part, attends to all the details from author to advance agent, it shows that he is built of the persistent material that should in time land him on Broadway.

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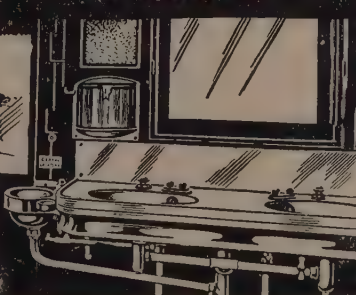
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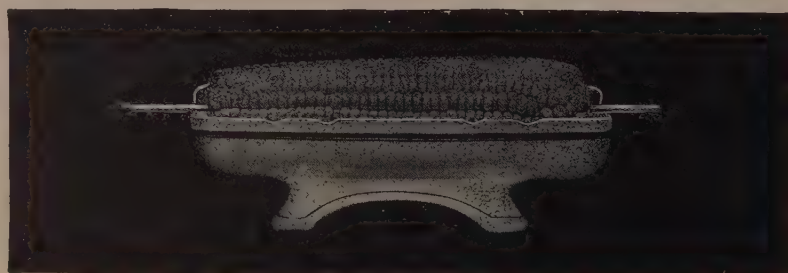
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New Dramatic Books

EGOISTS: A BOOK OF SUPERMEN. By James Huneker. Scribners, 1909. 12mo. \$1.50 net.

In this book Mr. Huneker considers Henry Beyle-Stendhal, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Anatole France, Huysmans, Maurice Barrès, Nietzsche, William Blake, Max Stirner, and Ernest Hello. These names, however, do not represent the entire field covered. Mr. Huneker, with his close analysis, lightened by a style which may be fairly described as brilliant in artistic execution, has given us in this book a study of modern thought and influences of equal interest to him who has some knowledge of them, or who may wish to gain information about them. To many readers some of these names, indeed,



JAMES HUNEKER

are unknown, but he reveals their significance. Mr. Huneker is not seeking to propagate the philosophy of any one of these uncommon philosophers and writers, for there is no consistency of purpose among them. Mr. Huneker's philosophy is casual in his discussion of the careers of the Egoists, who either were, or thought themselves to be, Supermen. Ample discussed are Stendhal, whose cult, recently revived on the Continent, is steadily growing; Maurice Barrès, French Academician; Anatole France, blithe pagan and delicious ironist; Max Stirner, the forerunner of Nietzsche; the mystics, Ernest Hello—new to American readers—and William Blake. Much new historical material may be found in the studies of Charles Baudelaire and Gustave Flaubert. A hitherto unpublished letter of the novelist, together with an original page proof of "Madame Bovary," corrected by his own hand, will prove of interest to his admirers. That brilliant virtuoso of the French language, J. K. Huysmans, forms the subject of a chapter, while certain phases of Nietzsche, including his newly published biography, "Ecce Homo," and the Ibsen dramas, are also subjects of discussion. Altogether the book represents the most mature critical and analytical thought of the author applied to some of the most interesting literary personages in modern Europe. Mr. Huneker is much inclined to analytical comparisons. The following passage will be found particularly interesting by reason of the recent revival of discussion concerning Poe:

"He was a half charlatan, as was Baudelaire. In both, the sublime and the sickly were never far asunder. The pair loved to mystify, to play pranks on their contemporaries. Both were implacable pessimists. Both were educated in affluence, and both had to face, unprepared, the hardships of life. The hastiest comparison of their poetic work will show their common ideal was the worship of an exotic beauty. Their artistic methods of expression were totally dissimilar. Baudelaire, like Poe, had a harplike temperament, which vibrated in the presence of strange subjects. Above all, he was obsessed by sex. Woman as an angel of destruction is the keynote of his poems. Poe was almost sexless. His aerial creatures never footed the dusty highways of the world. Poe is without passion, except a passion for the macabre; for what Huysmans calls, 'The October of the sensations'; whereas, there is a gulf of despair and terror and humanity in Baudelaire which shakes your nerves yet stimulates the imagination. However, profounder as a poet, he was no match for Poe in what might be termed intellectual prestidigitation. The mathematical Poe, the Poe of the ingenious detective tales, tales extraordinary, the Poe of the swift flights into the cosmical blue, the Poe the profit and mystic—in these the American was more versatile than his French translator."

It will be remembered that Poe is known in France through Baudelaire's translation.

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LADIES FAIR AND FRAIL. With sixteen illustrations. By Horace Blackley. London and New York: John Lane Company. 1909. \$5 net.

The addition to the title of this book indicates that the sketches are of the demimonde of the eighteenth century. This would seem to promise something very unsavory, but the ladies were people of a certain distinction in their times, influencing the lives of men of rank or celebrity, so that the reader who likes the kind of gossip that was much alive and vastly entertaining a century and more ago, will find it here in detail, with a record, in the way of portraits, of these ladies'

fair and frail. The intent of the book is mainly to carry the reader through some by-paths of history not altogether negligible, for much information is gained of the manners of the times.

GREAT ACTORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Volume 5 of a History of Theatrical Art. By Karl Mantzius. London, Duckworth & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1909. \$3.50 net.

This particular volume of this very valuable history treats of one of the most interesting periods of the stage. The actors of that age were great actors, tremendous in their capacities. They left an impression and a record, deep, lasting, and extremely interesting. The German historian is minute, accurate and sympathetic. While he gives an ample account of the great French and English actors of the eighteenth century, he is particularly illuminating on the German stage. Necessarily, he discusses the authors and theatrical managers of the period. A number of these actors were themselves dramatists. Considerable space is given to Carolina Neuber, Konrad Ekhof, Schroeder, and Iffland. Lessing's relations with the Hamburg Theatre and its actors are clearly and fully set forth, with details of considerable freshness. Of French actors the author speaks particularly of Adrienne Lecouvreur, Clairon, and Prévile. The authors of that period are discussed. There is an interesting account of Voltaire as a stage manager. Considerable attention is given to the Betterton Period and the Cibber Period of the English stage. There are three chapters given to David Garrick. The book contains 73 illustrations, mainly pictures of actors and actresses made from originals in the author's collection. The book is most valuable and authoritative.

Books Received

RAMAB. A Drama in three acts by Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 119 pp.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. After Jose Echegaray's "El Gran Galeoto." Illustrated. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 215 pp.

THE JOURNAL OF A NEGLECTED WIFE. By Mabel Herbert Urner. New York: B. W. Dodge & Company. Cloth, 12mo., \$1.10 net.

THE ACTRESS. A novel by Louise Closser Hale. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

THE DIARY OF A SHOWGIRL. By Grace Luce Irwin. Illustrated. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Company.

BILL TRUSTELL. A story of theatrical life. By George H. Brennan. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.

THE RAVEN. The Love Story of Edgar Allan Poe. A novel by George Hazelton. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

MERELY PLAYERS. Stories of Stage Life. By Virginia Tracy. New York: The Century Company.

A LITTLE WORLD. A Series of College Plays for Girls. By Alice Gerstenberg. Chicago: The Dramatic Publishing Company. 228 pp.

THE LODGER OVERHEAD AND OTHERS. By Charles Belmont Davis. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 370 pp.

FAKE'S PATHWAY. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Company. 341 pp.

FATE AND THE BUTTERFLY. By Forrest Halsey. Illustrated. New York: B. W. Dodge & Company. 276 pp.

THE GUN RUNNER. By Arthur Stringer. Illustrated. New York: B. W. Dodge & Company.

The Real Charles Frohman

Since Charles Frohman announced recently his scheme for the founding of a repertory theatre in London, and invited young authors to submit their plays to him for consideration, he has received 198 plays, of which 161 are one-act pieces. "I notice," said Mr. Frohman, "that whenever I am referred to I am always spoken of as an exemplary business man. Now I think that is about the last thing in the world that I really am. If I were a good business man I should be a rich man by now; but I am not rich, and the last place I want to visit is the office where the business side of my affairs is transacted. I do not like figures, and when I see a column of them I only look at the bottom line. I like plays, players, theatres and stages. I enjoy reading plays and buying plays, and I enjoy producing them, but I have bought more plays than I can ever produce, and so proved myself more of a sentimentalist than a business man."

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Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 171)

hands on. Mr. Collier is an expert with this method. He is the best of his kind; many others bore you. It is a very pretty talent. To describe the farce as he revives it would be to describe Mr. William Collier. The idea of the play, of course, is amusing. A husband, in making a night of it, is caught in a raid by the police, and, being in his cups, offends the magistrate before whom he is brought, and is sent for thirty days to Blackwell's Island. He is permitted to go to his home in the custody of an officer before being taken to the Island. Now begin Mr. Collier's opportunities. He wakes up with a thirst, which to some minds is the top notch of comicality, and he carries out that comicality very convincingly. He is thirsty. Mr. Collier has the quality of persuasiveness and naturalness. One may not square the situation to reason, but he remains natural. The husband contrives to make his wife believe that he is called away to Mexico on business for a month. His experiences in stripes are amusing. He escapes detection when his wife and others of his set visit the prison. When he returns home he is dressed as a Mexican, and is received by the household dressed in the same national costume in his honor. All ends well. It is amusing. That is all it is meant to be. It is the gentle art of peddling laughter.

HACKETT. "THE INCUBUS." Comedy in three acts, translated by Lawrence Irving from the French of Eugene Brieux. Produced April 27 with this cast:

Pierre, Laurence Irving; Brochot, A. Field-Fisher; The Gentleman, Thomas Williams; Langlois, John Crisp, Jr.; The Rescuer, J. P. Winter; Isabelle, Bertha Bartlett; Phrasie, Beatrice Lett; The Lady, Margaret Weston; Charlotte, Mabel Hackney.

It was hardly necessary to explain that this piece, recently tried out at matinee performances with a fair measure of success, is an adaptation from the French. Its Gallic origin is apparent throughout. Pierre, a professor of natural history, is living in a Paris flat with a woman beneath him in the social scale named Charlotte. The couple appear to be in love, but they quarrel incessantly. Pierre accuses his companion of being in love with his friend, Brochot, a veterinary surgeon, and Charlotte, in a fit of temper, leaves him, expecting to be called back. Finding her lover indifferent, she threatens to kill herself, but still Pierre shows no concern. Friends bring about a reconciliation, and once more the professor is saddled with his incubus. The story, as may be seen, is slight and somewhat risqué. The dubious relationship of the leading characters and the other personages in the play are discussed and portrayed with a frankness surprising even in these days of stage license. Miss Hackney was charming and natural as Charlotte, and Mr. Irving was capital as the professor.

MAJESTIC. "THE RED MOON." Musical comedy. Book and lyrics by Bob Cole. Music by Rosomond Johnson. Produced May 3d with this cast:

Slim Brown, Bob Cole; Plunk Green, Rosomond Johnson; Bill Gibson, Henry Gant; Bill Armour, Wesley Jenkins; Bill Webster, Sam Lucas; Bill Simmons, Benny Jones; John Lowdog, Arthur Talbot; Red Feather, Theo. Pankey; Eagle Eye, Frank Brown; Spread Eagle, Sam Lucas; Lucretia Martin, Elizabeth Williams; Amanda Gibson, Mollie Dill; Minnehaha, Abbie Mitchell; Lily White, Andrew Tribble; Truscalina White, Fanny Wise; Waneta, Marie Young; Nakomis, Fanny Wise; Sambo Simmons, Edgar Connor; Sally Simmons, Leona Marshall; Sue Simmons, Daisy Brown.

This is the usual kind of theatrical entertainment in which all the ingredients—book, music, players are furnished by colored talent. To be candid, it is not quite as good a show as some of its predecessors. Mr. Cole's dialogue is not remarkable for its brilliancy. It does not, indeed, quite do justice to Mr. Johnson's music, some of

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which is tuneful and musicianly. The plot has to do with a dusky maiden, who is taken by her father from her mother's home to the former's wigwam on a Western reservation. The girl is rescued by two negro ne'er-do-wells, acted by the respective stars, who as a bogus lawyer and a bogus physician, succeed in being more or less funny. The piece is well mounted, and there is a vigorous and comely chorus.

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One can spend a pleasant evening at home and crown this entertainment with the latest of Harry Lauder's *The Wedding o' Lauchie McGraw*, which is certainly one of the funniest songs of this remarkable artist, whom we may never have the pleasure to applaud again in this country.

Maude Adams as Joan of Arc

On June 22d in the Stadium of Harvard University, Maude Adams will be seen as the militant maid of Orleans in her historical spectacle "Joan of Arc." The performance will be given in the "bowl" of the great amphitheatre. "The flatness of the 'bowl,'" says a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, "will be diversified by little hillocks, bushes, rocks, a water course and a great tree. Branches of trees laid flat upon the ground will fringe this stage and separate the spectators from it. A huge cloth painted to represent the sky and stretched like a cyclorama will make the background, straight across the Stadium. On this open stage, the battles will be fought, and across it the coronation pageant will move. . . . On the field, as the Maid in battle, Maude Adams will wear armor and bear her banner like the Joan of Du Bois' statue in Paris. The great space available for the battle scenes will permit the use of formidable forces on both sides. No less than 800 men, armored, and often mounted, will share in them. There will be room for charges and retreats, for the vivid simulation of many of the incidents of warfare. In the procession to the Cathedral and in the lesser scenes of court and camp there will be employment for as many as 500 more auxiliaries to appear as nobles and citizens, monks and soldiers, priests and people. No theatrical performance hitherto undertaken in America has enlisted such forces. It will be as though the pageants that have been undertaken in recent summers in England had been added, when opportunity availed, to Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans.' Miss Adams' aim in all this is to make of the play an historical spectacle, a performance that will recall the glory of the Maid and her redemption of France; that shall visualize and reanimate Joan as Schiller has imagined her; that shall make truly dramatic her battles for France on the one hand, and her struggles with her own spirit on the other; that shall summon again her time and circumstance; and that shall testify anew to all for which the Church has lately numbered the Maid among its saints."

One in the gallery hears wonderfully candid opinions of artists, given by wonderfully good critics. The gallery has its power as well as the stalls, and the only way to discover it is to become a galleryite, as I have done.—SIR EDWARD MOSS in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

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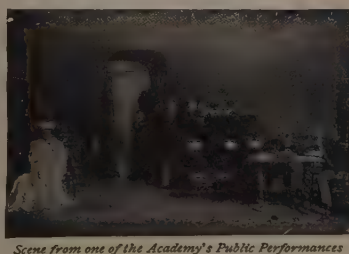
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Theatrical and Other Fashions

ONE of the musical shows from which good style ideas may be culled is "The Candy Shop." The most graceful and artistic gowns in the piece are those worn by the girls who are billed as Mrs. Gregory's friends. These, indeed, are not of the fashion-plate type. They savor not in the least of the Empire, Directoire, Grecian or Moyen Age periods, though if a style period be required, the coats can be classed under the head of Louis XVI designs. What a relief it is to see a group of show girls who are not exploiting sheath skirts or enormous hats.

The skirts are quite full affairs of white lace, and over them are worn cutaway coats about thirty-six inches long, and made of a most stunning shade of red silk. This silk has a dull soft finish, and the shade is a rich one that cannot be described as cherry, rose or raspberry; though perhaps the latter is the nearest to it. The edges of the coats are outlined with a rather wide flat gold braid. The sleeves are long, and of the sealskin fit, and finished with frills of lace that fall over the hands and extend up the outside seam almost to the elbow. To correspond with these sleeve ruffles are full jabots of lace that fill in the neck opening. Such a coat could be worn with several costumes if made in a color that would not be too violent a contrast.

One is the least bit amazed to see hats that are not of the peach basket, candle extinguisher, or Gainsborough variety. Yet how becoming and jaunty are the rough blue straw tricorne hats trimmed with long red wings that are worn with these costumes! The bowl-shaped hats undoubtedly had much to commend them in the beginning of their career. They set comfortably on the head, and they are becoming, immensely so to some women. But unfortunately, they require considerably more attention to hair dressing than most of the wearers evidently care to give. The result is that the average spring hat seen on the streets is far from attractive. Then, too, the style has been so cheapened that the more exclusive milliners quickly dropped it.

If the average woman would study and copy the way women of the stage wear this style of hat the public would sooner become reconciled to it. Maude Fulton wears one of these hats with a slight roll at one side, and she takes care to pose it correctly, with the result that it is both becoming and stylish. Indeed, as a rule, the actresses who have adopted this style of hat for stage wear are more successful with it than the women on the other side of the footlights.

One notes, however, the tendency to Gainsborough effects among

society women, also a revival of the Spanish turban. A friend writes me from Paris that one of the newest ideas in hat trimmings is the marguerite, and this flower is used in white, yellow and black on the same hat. That New York is never far behind Paris in launching a new style is proved by the fact that the other

afternoon at the Plaza I saw a moderate-sized Gainsborough of white crin trimmed with these very flowers, the entire crown being composed of them, while at one side among the white and yellow blossoms was tucked a perky bow of black velvet. At the same time I noticed two or three very stunning hats of brown straw trimmed with purple satin, the veritable episcopal purple. This is a smart combination of color, but one that seems more suitable to the autumn than the spring, and we shall undoubtedly see it more generally accepted six months from now. A sure thing is that brown in the chocolate and walnut shades is to be much worn next season, and this is because it goes so admirably with sealskin, which is to be even more fashionable next season than it was the past winter.

A friend was encountered in one of the Fifth Avenue shops the other morning with her hand full of samples. "Tell me," she exclaimed in most tragic manner, "what color shall I select for my tailored suit. I am so tired of blue, and I don't want black." Glancing at her samples I told her that if she wanted to be a season ahead of the fashions she would choose the rough brown cloth. "Well," said she, "I don't know how you ever learn such things, but you certainly have guessed right before, and as my tailor advises brown, I think I will run the risk of ordering it." A doubtful compliment, truly. If she had paid for the opinion she would probably have appreciated it more highly.

In "The Candy Shop" there is an admirable combination of color and material in the dancing girls' frocks of golden brown satin and nasturtium red chiffon. This idea of color could be carried out for immediate wear in shantung, Rogers & Thompson's Mirage or

Indro silk of a similar shade of brown with embroideries in the nasturtium shades on the bodice of the princess gown, while the coat could be made after the raspberry silk ones already mentioned with ruffles of butter-colored lace or net, and the hat of rough brown straw trimmed with nasturtiums with just a bit of black velvet to enhance the color combination.

Louise Dresser as the giddy widow, when she lightens her mourning in the second act, wears a striking combination of black crêpe meteore with white lace, the latter taking the form of a fitted coat.



Dinner gown worn by Miss Doris Keane in "The Happy Marriage." A beautiful color effect is produced by the veiling of the pale rose satin underdress with chiffon of different colors. The tunic is of oyster white chiffon with wide embroideries that are a mingling of silk, several shades of silver and rhinestone

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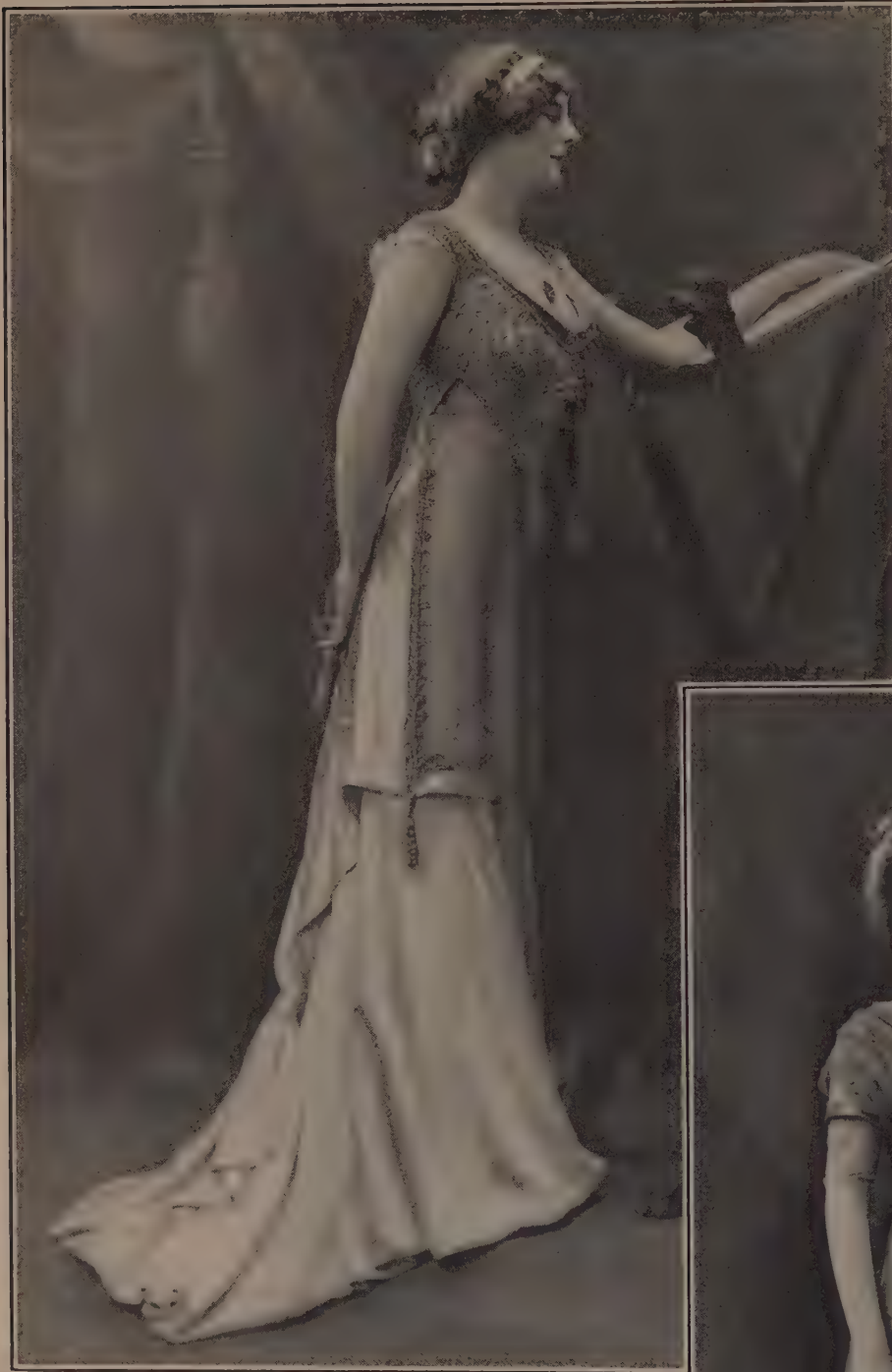
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Dinner gown of pale rose-colored satin charmeuse with a coat of rose mousseline de soie enriched with old silver embroideries. Made by Redfern, Paris. Photo by Felix

Miss Dresser has such a good figure that she should always adhere to normal figure lines. In the first act she sticks to the traditional mourning ideas so far as the shape of her bonnet is concerned, for she wears a Marie Stuart of black crape with white crape folds about the edge. It seems hardly necessary to say that it is the exception when a real widow wears a bonnet to-day. Large and small hats are more used, and they are made of or trimmed with English crape, with the crape veil draped in French style, and hanging down the back to about the waistline. The reason that women in mourning wear so much more crape than they did a few years ago is that the process of manufacture has been so much improved that the reliable makes of crape are now practically waterproof. Perhaps you are sceptical. I was until I took several pieces of a standard make, and actually soaked them in a basin

of water, then squeezed the water out and hung them to dry, and, believe it or not, the crinkle and crispness all came back when they were thoroughly dry. So, you see, you have no cause to wonder or to accuse a woman of extravagance when you see her wearing her crape veil or crape-trimmed gown out in the rain.

Dorris Keane wore some fine gowns in "A Happy Marriage." Here is a young woman who has her own ideas about clothes, and who dares to carry them out, and yet who does not think that she knows it all, so is ready to follow the advice of the best dressmakers. For the first act of her New York engagement she wore a Caillot evening gown, of which I need give no further description, since it is so admirably illustrated. "I wish you could have seen the gown Lord & Taylor made for my first act," she said recently. "It was simply beautiful, pale yellow chiffon over satin, and embroidered in great gold wheat heads. But, alas! the way I have to crawl over the sofa



Evening gown worn by Mlle. Clairville of the Théâtre du Gymnase. Of cloth-of-gold veiled with Nattier blue mousseline de soie embroidered in several shades of gold. Made by Martial and Armand. Photo by Felix



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- 436. HATTIE WILLIAMS
- 437. HATTIE WILLIAMS (different pose)
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- 439. BERTHA GALLAND

We will add new pictures from time to time to the present list

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Dinner gown of black mousseline de soie, the skirt enriched with a deep embroidery of the Renaissance style. The tunic of black Grecian net is bordered with soutache embroidery. The sleeve and yoke are transparent and of écreu and gold lace. The belt is embroidered and spangled on a sea-green silk foundation. Made by Laferrière

in that act spelled ruin to the gown, and before we came to New York it was literally worn in shreds." Miss Keane's second act costume was also from Lord & Taylor. This was of taupe cloth, exceedingly simple in outline, and trimmed with fox dyed to match the cloth. I believe that Miss Keane is the first actress to adopt this idea of fur dyed to match the costume. With reason it may be said that most furs are dyed, but then they are mostly dyed black and brown, and not the odd shades of color to match the cloth or velvet with which they are worn. The wrap worn with this gown was of taupe velvet, and an excellent one for evening or motor purposes. The heavy appliqué trimming around the shoulders simulated a shoulder scarf.

The attractive tea gown of the last act was Miss Keane's own idea suggested by the Russian blouse. This was of blue panne velvet, the slashed sides and wrists being trimmed with black fox fur. The girdle was of gold cord, thus corresponding with the gold galloon that edged the blouse. The combination of color was unusual and good, for with the pale blue velvet blouse was worn a skirt of palest yellow satin simply trimmed with a flat band of narrow gold lace, with hose and slippers of blush pink.

Olga Nethersole in "The Writing on the Wall" has opportunity to wear some handsome gowns, and uses it with discretion. In the first act she appears in a dinner gown of black velvet with low-cut bodice almost entirely made of heavy écreu lace, over which are bretelles of black velvet. The skirt is quite full and without any ornamentation to break the magnificent folds.

In the other acts Miss Nethersole wears a silver-gray satin

afternoon gown. This is a fitted affair made with a draped skirt that is perfectly smooth about the hips, and has the fulness below the knees caught back and knotted on the train. The bodice is trimmed with glittering gray passementerie, which also forms the aumonière, which is suspended from the waist at the left side by means of two long straps of the passementerie that almost reach the floor.

Two sealskin wraps are worn by Miss Nethersole. The first is a cutaway coat for day use, the other a long coat suitable for motor or evening wear. They are handsome garments that any woman might be proud to possess, but one wishes that she had selected a smarter turban to wear with them.

Florence Huntington as the sister-in-law wears a smart cloth costume of the palest apricot tinge. This is made on the fitted princess lines, and large buttons of the material form the chief trimming. These extend from the left shoulder half way down the bodice front, and in the back in a diagonal line from the left shoulder to near the bottom of the skirt. It is a well made gown with good lines that bears the imprint of Redfern, New York.

One of the best dressed plays of the season is "The House Next Door." The colors are admirable, the styles good, and both are in harmony with the characters portrayed. With one exception the gowns are a near approach to the normal figure lines, and are such as may be copied outright by well dressed women.

The exception is the white cloth gown worn by Mabel Roebuck in the last act. Several gowns of this style have been worn on the stage, and Miss Roebuck's is one of the most admirable. It fits smoothly across the shoulders by means of a deep yoke to which



Afternoon gown worn by Mlle. Clarens of the Théâtre Bouffes-Parisiens. Of crêpe metcore in a dull gold shade ornamented with rich embroideries in the same tone, and of Egyptian design. Made by Paquin, Paris

the high skirt is almost invisibly attached. This skirt is shaped in only slightly about the waist, and the lower portion is sufficiently full to be graceful when the wearer is in motion, which was not always the case with the cassock gown seen earlier in the season. There is a row of moderate-sized white pearl buttons down the front, and at either side, just above the waistline, are some dozen buttons set in a straight line.

The other gown worn by Miss Roebuck is a beautiful shade of buff cloth that tones



Tea gown of Nattier blue pannée velvet bordered with gold galloon and black fox. This is made in Russian style, and worn over a petticoat of palest yellow satin edged with gold lace. Worn by Miss Doris Keane in "The Happy Marriage." Photo Sarony

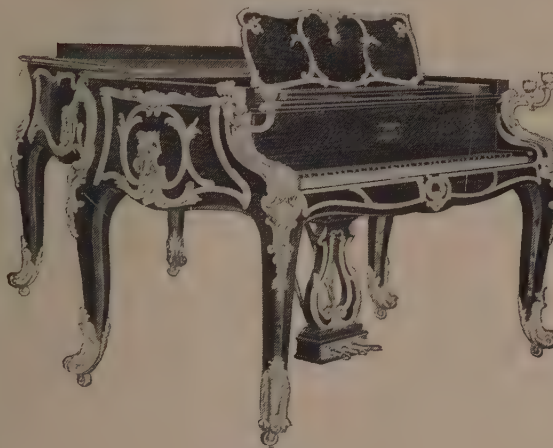
in admirably with her light hair. This is made more nearly on classic princess lines, and has a pretty collar finishing the neck. The low shoes are of the same color as the gown, while the straw hat is a trifle deeper in tone. This is a large basket shape, the high crown half encircled with roses of various shades of buff, while in the back there is an immense bow of white satin ribbon of a deeper buff.

Fania Marinoff adheres to plain tailored coat suits in this play. In the first act there is a nice little white serge made with skirt that suggests the revival of the plaited skirt, though these are placed only at the sides. There is a touch of pale blue silk about the neck and in the white hat, and altogether it is just such a suit as a thousand and one girls will be wearing at the summer places.

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Her pink cloth suit of the third act is a trifle more elaborate, yet still of the strictly tailored style. The black satin buttons and cord that simulates buttonholes and ornaments the front and back of the coat are one of the latest style touches.

Ruth Chester as the English gentlewoman, mother of a grown daughter, dresses the part in soft gray and brown with white lace kerchiefs arranged in modish ways. Her wood-brown costume is of some sheer material, probably silk voile with a deep band of cloth around the bottom, above which shows a space of voile and then a Greek key design cut from the cloth. It is a full skirt, and, as the dressmakers say, "follows" nicely; in other words, it is a well-cut and well-hung skirt.

Eleanor Moretti, as the wife of the newly rich and lately made baronet, does not overdress the part, as is so apt to be the case with the stage parvenu, but there is just a little more glitter and a few more jewels than the well-born woman would wear under like circumstances. She has picked the type of the newly rich woman that is so frequently met in the world, the woman who, while not to the manner born, has so assimilated the manner that it is only occasionally she betrays her origin. Miss Moretti's dress is of blue-gray satin made on the normal figure lines, and with a great deal of blue crystal trimming on the bodice.

One of the successes of the spring season in Paris is the coat costume with short skirt made of cloth and plain or corded tussor. This is the sort of gown which has been much worn at the early racing events and at the Concours Hippique. I hear over there the grandes dames are taking up with enthusiasm this style of dress for all public events, and leaving the exploitation of the latest modes to the women of the demimonde. However that may be, most American women will be glad to note that the plaited skirt is being advocated for walking purposes by Green & Company, for there is no form of skirt more admirable for both the comfort and elegance of the pedestrian.

The Empire evening gown made by the well-known house of

Martial & Armand, while it has the cap sleeves, has the bodice drapery so arranged as to produce the drooping shoulder. This is noticeable in many of the imported models this spring, in some of which the drapery of a transparent material was decidedly reminiscent of the Japanese sleeve of a few seasons past. It would seem as though this Japanese effect was of too recent a past to be revived with any great success just yet.

Redfern sends us this month a dinner gown made of pale rose-colored satin charmeuse with a coat effect in rose mousseline de soie enhanced with old silver embroideries. Here is a good example of the knotted skirt drapery, and somewhat similar to that worn by Miss Nethersole.

From Paquin comes an evening gown of soft crêpe embellished with embroideries of Egyptian design. The tunic with its deep arches is decidedly novel and clever, if one stops to think a minute.

In the dinner gown by Laferrière one notes the tendency to the lengthening of the waistline, and the continued use of transparent sleeves and yoke. The combination of color in this gown of black, green and gold is one that should be borne in mind, as in some quarters there is a considerable prophesying of a vogue of black for next winter. For my own part, I do not see why this should be. Black, to be sure, is a useful color; one can wear it at any time, but it always seems to carry with it the idea of a limited income, and besides, when we have so many beautiful new shades from which to make our choice, why should we select somber black? Let us contribute to the gaiety of men and nations by selecting the most artistic colors we can find.



The fashionable tailored suit of éru tussor silk, made with plaited skirt and long jacket ornamented with heavy embroideries and braid. Worn by Mlle. Marly of the Bouffes Parisiens. Made by Greene & Co. Photo by Henry Manuel

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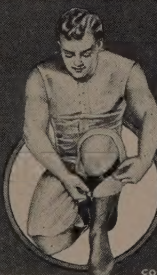
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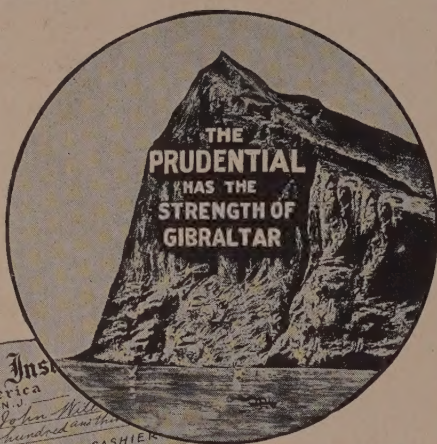
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"The Love Cure" Composer

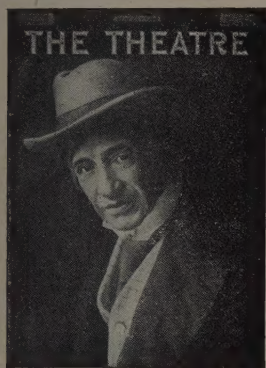
When "The Love Cure" is produced here next season another Viennese musician will become talked about. This is Edmund Eysler, composer of "Kuenstlerblut," as the opera is known on the continent. Like almost all composers, Eysler had trouble getting his first opera accepted. It was refused by the management of the Vienna Opera House, but Weinberger, the Vienna publisher, had faith in the work and financed it. Under the title of "Bruder Straubinger" ("Brother Tramp") it had tremendous success in Europe and gave a young, unknown actress her first opportunity to distinguish herself. This was Lina Abarbanell, the charming Sonia in one of Mr. Savage's "Merry Widow" companies. Miss Abarbanell's success in Eysler's operetta caused her to be selected to create the title rôle in "The Merry Widow" in Vienna, but she was under direct contract in America at the time and Mr. Savage held her until he could put on the opera himself. Composer Eysler has written several operas since his first success, but none that compares with his latest, which Mr. Savage now has in preparation.

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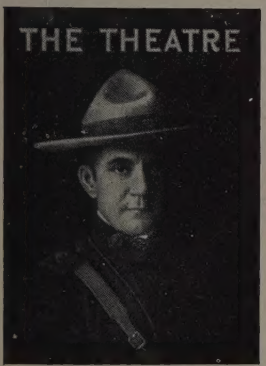
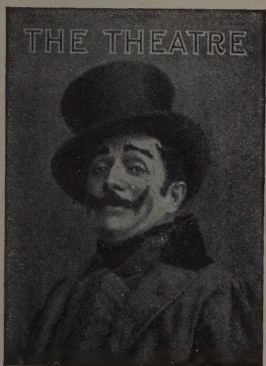
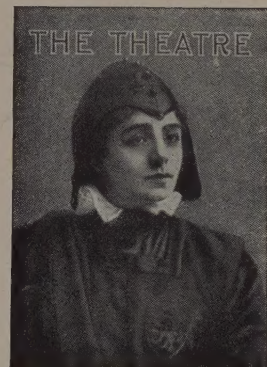
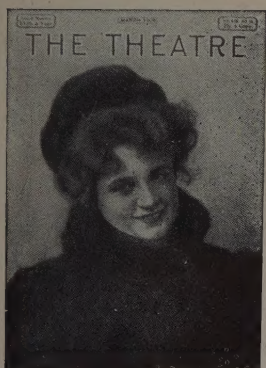
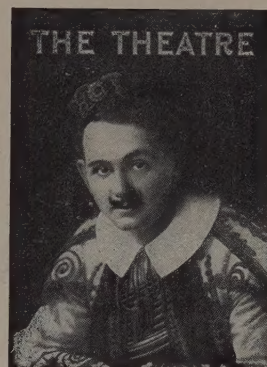
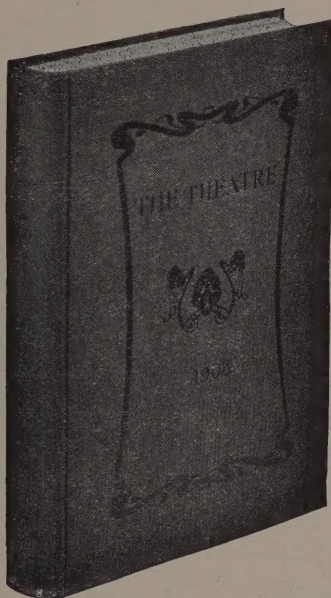
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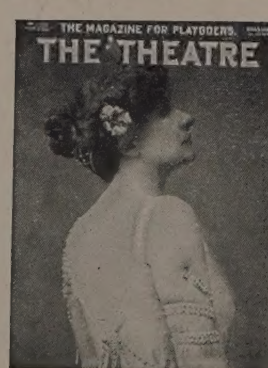
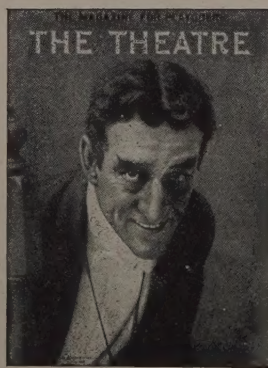
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